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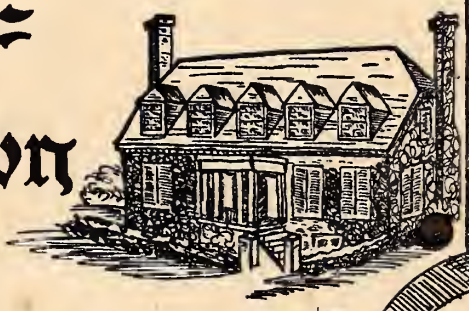

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THE MISSILE

JANUARY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE

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PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

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THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXIX PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1941 No. One

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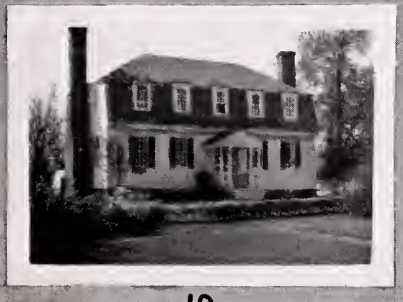

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One Day In October

By Margaret Wilson

HALF-AWAKE and sleepy-eyed we met very early one autumn morning to go on our anticipated trip to Yorktown. For once every one was on time, and we started off on the dot. Having arisen so early, some of the members saw the moon, some the morning star, while others saw the sunrise. Even a morning mist clothed the hills. Finally the nineteen of us piled into the cars, and off we went.

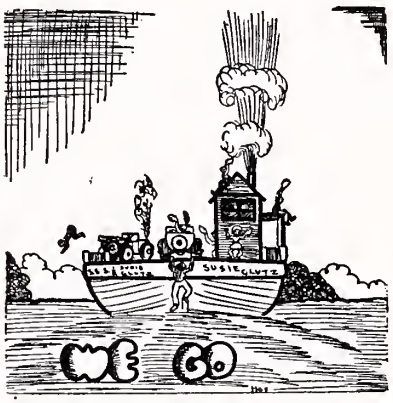
We could not have picked a more beautiful day or time of the year for motoring. We immediately noticed the trees which were all the shades of green, yellow, orange, and red imaginable, and all during the day we were impressed with the beauties of nature. Passing by the historic battlefields around Petersburg, we went to Hopewell and to the Hopewell-Charles City Ferry, which according to a sign is "the Gateway to Colonial Virginia."

The spot at which we crossed the river was almost exactly the same place where General Grant crossed before the siege of Petersburg. From the deck of the ferry we could see some of the old colonial mansions along the river. On the left was the well-known homestead, Shirley, and after much searching, we found on the right the dim outline of Berkeley, the home of President William Henry Harrison, which was built in 1726. A little later when we were riding along, we saw one or two signs which read "Berkeley; No Trespassing," so at least we were near it. Farther down the river but out of sight was Westover, the famous home of the Byrds.

Leaving the ferry we saw several signs on the road which warned against piling wood on the highway. Since no one knew the reason for this peculiar request one of the most debated questions of the day, at least

in Mr. Miller's car, was exactly what these signs meant, but an explanation was never reached.

The sun was getting high, and the day was promising to be very warm and clear, as we passed by the Westover church and many homes which, judging from the architecture and landscaping, appeared to have been built in the colonial days. At length we saw Greenway, the birthplace of John Tyler, who was a Governor of Virginia and President of the United States. Later we sighted Sherwood Forest, a white, spacious old mansion where President Tyler retired after his presidency and where his grandson still lives. This mansion is a typical Southern homestead with its rambling, one-story wings and wide lawns.



Charles City Courthouse, as far as we could see, was composed of the red brick courthouse building, a school, and a small group of homes. About this time we passed several school buses which reminded us that were we at home, we would be on our way to school. Imagine our jubilation on seeing others going to school while we were having such a holiday excursion. In what seemed almost no time at all we were approaching quaint old Williamsburg, once the colonial capital of Virginia. Of course, the most outstanding landmark here is the college of William and Mary, the second oldest in the United States, which was established in 1693. The main building, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and the President's home were pointed out to us. Students were walking about the campus and going in and out of the stores. There was the Bruton Parish church and straight ahead the Governor's Palace. We regretted that we did not have time to stop in this historical town and visit each and every famous site.

Asking which was the way to Yorktown, we were vaguely directed to go straight ahead, turn to the left, then to the right for several blocks, then to the left, etc. Convinced that we knew the way, we finally ended up at a service station through which all four of the cars trailed. The owner came out and watched with a puzzled and amused countenance as his four prospective customers each greeted him and sped away. But after all, what fun is it if you don't get lost a couple of times?

At last, after finding the famed Colonial Parkway, we all agreed that this highway from Williamsburg to Yorktown was the most beautiful road we had ever traveled. The driveway was broad and curving with green

banks and log rail fences on either side. At intervals there were arching bridges and parkways. It was especially beautiful at this time of autumn because of the trees with their multi-colored leaves. Again we were deeply impressed by the natural scenery around us.

As we approached Yorktown, we passed some of the French trenches. The road led along the York river and by the wharf of the ferry which goes to Gloucester Point. Passing the Swan Tavern we immediately went to the Park Museum at the corner of Main and Church streets. Parking in front of the museum, we noticed a sign which stated that Yorktown was established in 1691, and that it was the scene of the last major military operation of the American Revolution in 1781. We realized that not a week before, October the nineteenth, was the one hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary of the victory of Yorktown, and this fact made it all seem more real and interesting to us.

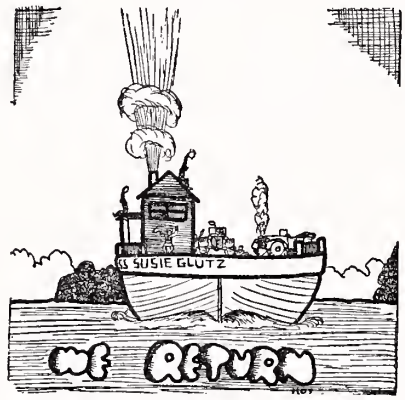
This museum contains a large relief map of Yorktown and its vicinity, maps outlining the war, uniforms and costumes, and many other interesting articles. A little way from the main building stands a Naval Museum which is the restored half of a gun deck of a British frigate in which there are guns brought up from the bottom of the river. From this museum a guide directed us on a tour of the battlefields. When we stopped at the Grand French Battery, it was hard for us standing on the field on such a sunny, peaceful day to realize that once there was fighting there.

A scenic but bumpy road, on the side of which were old-fashioned snake fences, led us by Surrender Field where the British gave up their arms and colors, by the encampment area of the Virginia militia and that of Lafayette's troops, as well as by the headquarters of General Lincoln, who was second in command of our army. This beautiful road winding around a lake and through woods brought us to the Moore House where the Articles of Capitulation were drawn up. Here we spent much time going through the house and grounds, and particularly admiring the view from the front yard overlooking the river.

Somehow about this time, feeling rather faint, we knew that it was getting near the time to eat, and we headed back for Yorktown, stopping for a few minutes on the way at some British fortifications. We lunched

at the Yorktown picnic grounds on the riverfront since we had all brought picnic lunches. Boy! Did they taste good! It seemed ages since we had eaten early that morning. When someone said he had eaten too much, one of the boys answered that he had a feeling he should have stopped eating ten sandwiches ago!

Resting a short time at the Victory Monument, we had our pictures taken—for what trip is complete without a few candid shots?



The real highlight of the day was the visit to York Hall, formerly called the Nelson House. It was Cornwallis' Headquarters. We thoroughly enjoyed visiting this home and grounds with the sunken gardens. This place was especially interesting because of a cannon ball lodged in the wall, a secret staircase, and the lovely antiques.

Happy, but tired, we once again piled into our cars and very unwillingly started our homeward journey.

Silent Witnesses

By Jean Ide

Oh, town! what tales your houses and roads could tell!
Each road at first would speak of folks so gay.
Each house at first would sing o' the friendly day.
Later those roads felt hoofs with news to tell.
Homes heard, too. The bomb had burst its shell!
The roads were torn with wheels and blood and fray.
House watched house be burned, fall down, decay.
All was sunk in strife of war's mad hell.
Cornwallis was stopped at last by the fleet of France
And by the American force that camped all 'round.
The road and houses saw him break his lance
Against the surging force that held him bound. .
In short, the tale of house and road would be:
"We saw, first hand, the things that made you free!"

Just James

By Mary Ruth Carroll

'TWAS a moonlit night in the year 1781. On the pier at Yorktown the waves of the river were lapping against the rough planks of the wharf. Silhouetted against the full moon an English man o' war floated on the deep. On shore the spaced steps and clicking heels of the sentinel beat a rhythmic tattoo.

Floating 'gator-like a "something" silently glided under the pier. At first it seemed it must be driftwood, so silent and indifferent was it. However, after an almost interminable silence the figure slowly began to take an indefinite shape as it rose stealthily from the shallow water. Only a slight trickling of water betrayed its presence as it stole stealthily toward the ladder to the plank. Until now no light had shone on the mysterious figure, but as his head appeared above the plank the moon threw its rays on his face—but only for a minute, for the face disappeared with a start. The reason was guessed, for at that moment the clicking of the heels of the sentinel were heard. As soon as the sentinel turned, the figure crouched and then sprang toward the wharf buildings. Silently he ran. He left only wet tracks made obscure in the shadows to denote that the place had been visited. As the sentinel turned, there was a slight movement by a large discarded box—nothing more. Once again the shivering figure heard the thump, thump of the soldier's boots. Once again the figure dashed into the darkness as the guard turned.

A few miles thence the next morning the sun peeped through a crack in a barn to warm the ruddy cheek of a young boy. As the warm rays spread over his face, he turned slightly to place his hands above his eyes. Then suddenly he sat upright and became quite tense. Footsteps approached his refuge, and as they approached he dared not look up. Within a few moments a small pair of feet, neatly shod, stood before him. Slowly he raised his eyes to see who might be the

possessor. A frank, friendly smile met his eyes. Hesitant only for a moment he returned the unspoken greeting. The small boy who stood before him spokek clearly in a soft, friendly manner, "I'm Thomas Moore. My friends call me Tom."

The larger lad sighed as he said, "And I—I am James."

"James what?" inquired the younger.

"That doesn't matter, really."

"Have you come to live with me?"

"No—that—is—I don't think so."

"I wish you would. I like you."

There was a brief silence, because, perhaps, neither knew anything to say. However, the younger broke the silence.

"If you haven't had any breakfast, Minnie Lou makes won'erful pancakes."

The little master-mind! How did he know?

Minnie did cook wonderful cakes as James learned. Although he was eating hungrily, his eyes watched with wonder the large buxom negress as she performed her marvels before an open fireplace. Minnie Lou was curious, too, but young "Master Tom" was her favorite, and so he asked no questions. Besides, she liked this young lad who was her guest. As the boys started to leave, Tom winked at James, and then he proceeded to tug at Minnie Lou's apron strings with his chubby hands.

"What yo' doin' there, you naughty chile?" exclaimed the—well, rather pleased person. Tom whispered something into her willing ear at which she smiled broadly, and she disappeared in a moment in the general direction of the cupboard. When she returned, she gave each of the boys a cup cake.

"Don't tell," Tom threw over his shoulder as they ran from the building.

Though the boys spent most of the day as far from the main house as the grounds permitted, they learned from various sources that something "queer" was going on "up at the house."

When dusk approached, the two boys were sitting on a green knoll. The sun was sinking fast in the west as it threw its golden glow on their faces as they talked.

"So, you see, Tom, you'd perhaps best not tell of my visit."

"Yes," replied the other understandingly. "Would you mind sleeping in the barn again tonight? Perhaps we'd better go on now, too, or they'll be sending for me." . . .

James awoke suddenly as a small hand shook him desperately.

"Wake up! Wake up! You've got to take a message to the general. It's your chance. Hurry!"

"Wh—what are you talking about?"

"I mean that they—up at the house—need another messenger to go to General Washington. Will you go? You may ride my pony and—will you take this for me and keep it always? I won't see you again for a long time—if you go home after you deliver the message." And the young boy clasped something small into his friend's hand.

"Now—hurry!"

A messenger was needed so urgently that no one noticed the person who took it. It was assumed by all that he was trustworthy. No one doubted it.

It was a long ride to Washington's headquarters that night, but perseverance and a feeling of elation in "his" confidence in him speeded him on.

The general himself greeted James and smiled kindly on him as he took the sealed document. "Thank you, young man. You are English, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reluctant reply.

"Then I am doubly indebted to you."

The sentinel wasn't on the pier that night. Strange! Yet James didn't tarry to question the stillness of the night.

'Twas a boy alone on ship that night—but not lonely. He sat in a corner of the cabin; his eyes glowed and sparkled. In his hand he held a tiny ring. Now that he glanced up one could see that he was very happy. He had a friend—and such a friend! And he had carried a message to General Washington. What a lucky boy was he!

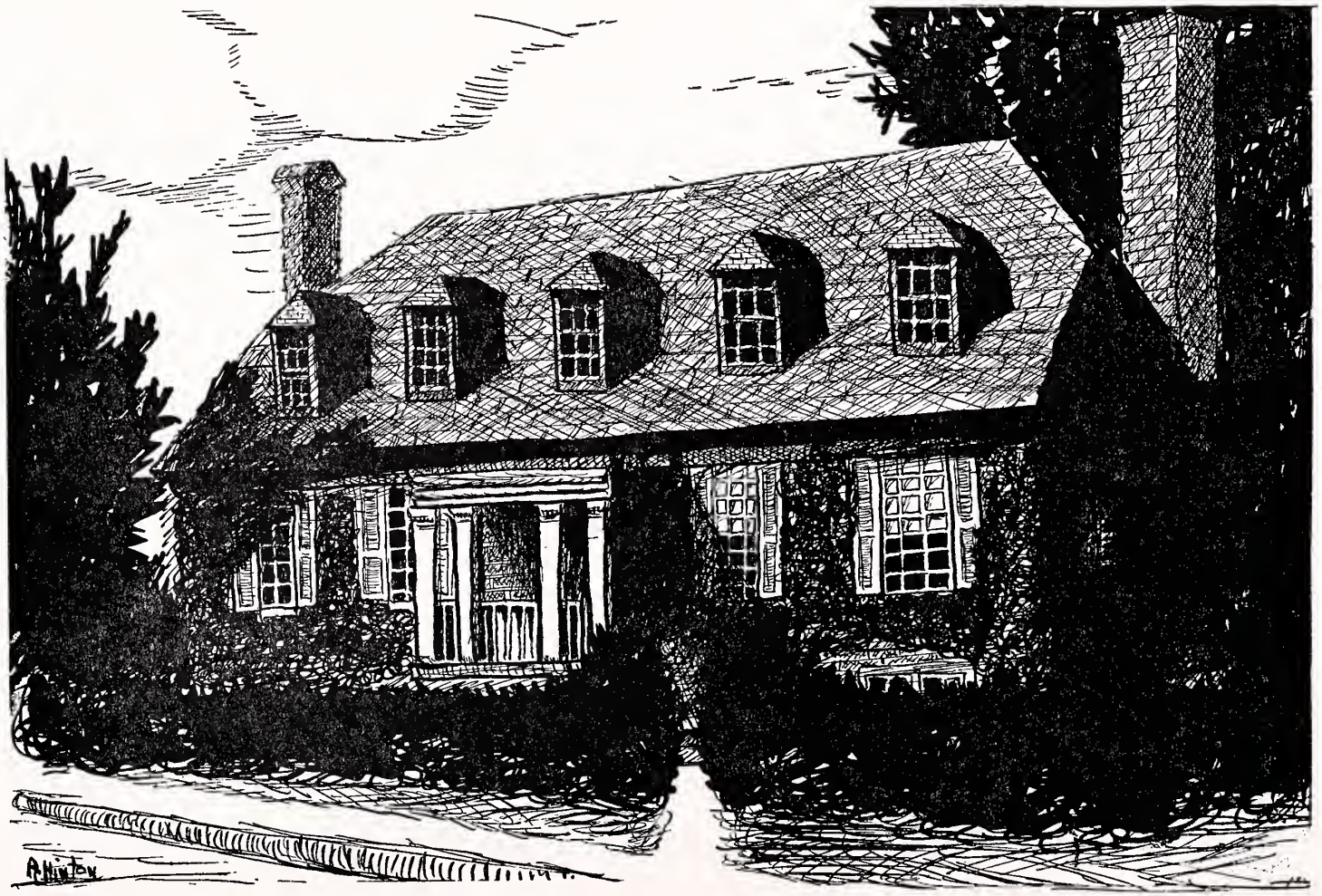
At the Close of Day

By Shirley Wilensky

The stars peeked through the willow tree,
Set in a sky black with the night;
The soft, wind moaned, caressing me,
The lights of the city were out of sight.

The stream was rushing over the rocks,
Birds were singing in the dark;
An elusive fragrance scented my locks,
My head in joyful reverence bent,

The chirping of crickets gave me content,
So I bended my knee to my God to pray;
My head in joyful reverence bent
I thought, Thank You for this lovely day.



THE OLDEST HOUSE

Yorktown—
Today and Yesterday

By Shirley Wilensky

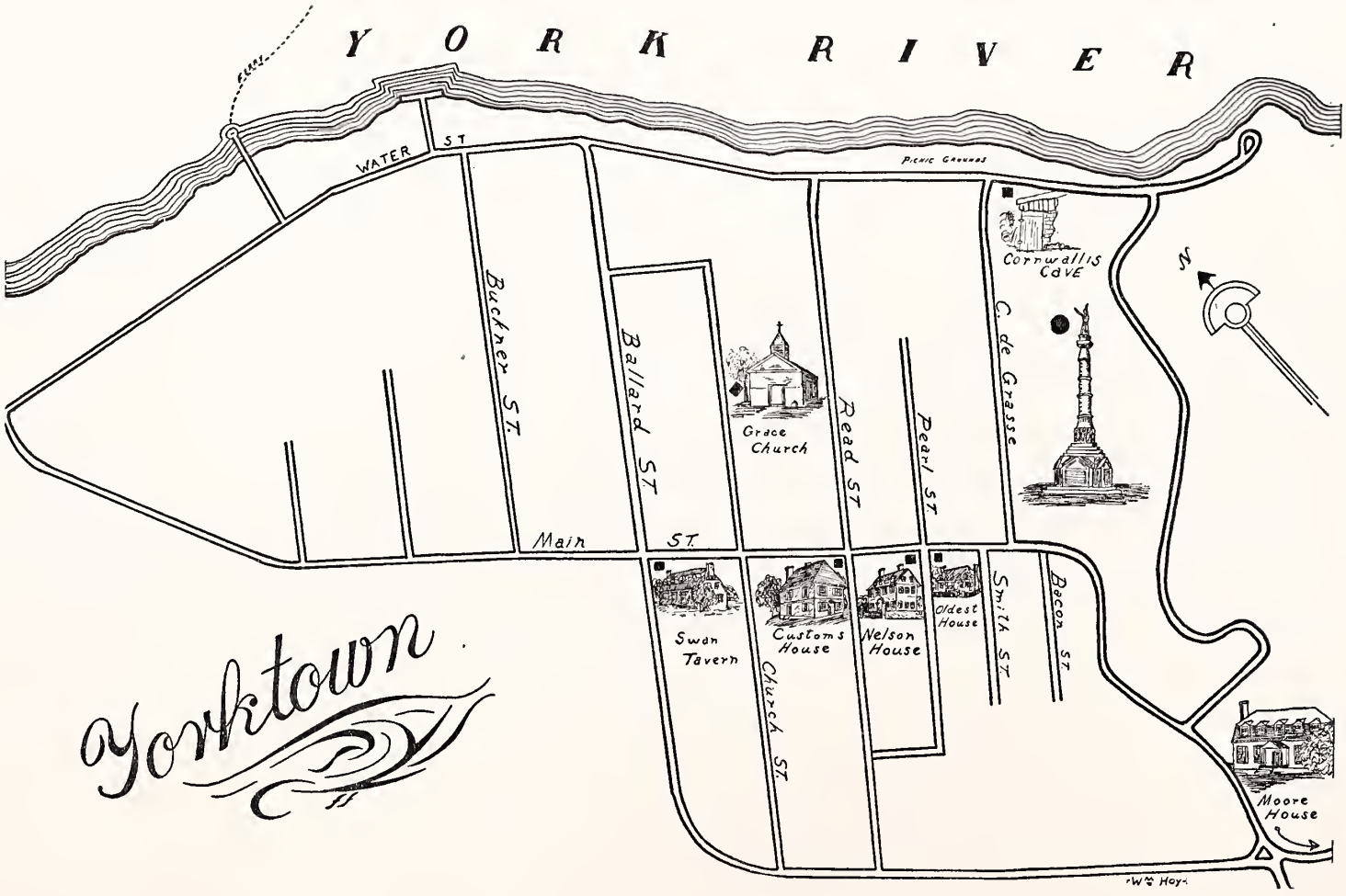
JUST before reaching Yorktown, your excitement mounts and imagination stirs as you think of all that this tiny town has seen. Here Cornwallis, proud, haughty leader of the English army surrendered to the Continental army on October 18, 1781, and although there were a few skirmishes elsewhere, the war virtually came to an end on that historic, significant day.

Yorktown is located on the York river, formerly called Charles river. Now it flows freely, calmly, steadily on its course, but many a tale of how the British and Continental armies fought are in its depths, hidden forever. If you could talk, what weird stories would you tell?

On a beautiful bluff overlooking the river stands the Yorktown Monument, commemorating the victory for Independence. The four sides of the base contain, first, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of victory; second, an inscription presenting a narrative of the siege; third, the treaty of an alliance with the King of France; fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England.

In the pediments over these four sides are carved emblems of nationality, emblems of war, emblems of alliance, and emblems of peace.

On the circular pradum are thirteen female figures, representing the thirteen original colonies. On the belt beneath their feet are the words: "One Country, One Destiny, and One Constitution." Words to remember now. At the top of the monument stands the Goddess of Liberty, star-crowned, welcoming everyone to share our peace and prosperity—bidding us to hold forever dear in our hearts the memory of the struggle that took place more than one hundred and fifty years ago. As the sun streams


YORK RIVER
WATER ST
PICNIC GROUNDS
Buckner ST.
Ballard ST
Main ST.
Grace Church
Read ST
Pearl ST
C. de Grasse
Cornwallis Cave
N
Swan Tavern
Customs House
Nelson House
Oldest House
Church ST.
Smith ST.
Bacon ST.
Moore House
Yorktown
Wm Hoy

down upon her, she sparkles as though she knows and is proud of why she was erected.

To the south of the monument stretches what is now a national park —during the Revolutionary War, a battleground where the war was fought to the glorious end. Yet how carelessly we glance about us, caring little for the rich history of this spot. But look back more closely. Can't you see soldiers posted in the trenches, waiting anxiously by their guns; leaders worried, frowning, issuing orders? Bullets whiz by, the air is misty with smoke, cannon balls strike the earth, while weary, ragged soldiers wish desperately that the war would end.

Then a more peaceful scene comes to the mind. The crisp, autumn air brings a faint color to the strained, bloodless faces of the English generals. Their flaming red coats shine brilliantly for the last time, as a sword is handed to General Lincoln.

Yes, in your veins is blood mixed of those who fought to begin our great democracy. No matter how heavily feet trample upon you or how carelessly eyes look over you, your heart will always beat with the knowledge and strength that can never be conquered.

The Moore House

About two miles from Yorktown stands the Moore House where the Articles of Surrender were drawn. It is a small, unpretentious white house.

Upon entering, to the left, is the room where the Articles were drawn. You can almost see great figures sitting in the empty chairs, arguing, cursing, fighting—at last deciding upon terms to suit both the Americans and English. Though it is not an imposing house, somehow you can feel how happy and perhaps frightened its occupants were on that historic day.

Back into the heart of the town, your interest becomes more intense. About half a mile from the monument is the Yorktown Museum in which the entire history of Yorktown is summed up by pictures on the wall. In the center of the main room a huge map shows the general layout of the town. Perhaps, over one hundred and fifty years ago, generals of both armies were studying similar maps, mapping plans for attack.

Old Buildings of Yorktown

On the same street stands the old Episcopal church. The original building was cruciform, but the arms of the cross were destroyed, and only the main part of the building is left. The bell and communion service were presented to the church by Queen Anne.

Not far from this is the first Custom House in America, built of old English brick. In a large glass case is preserved a lock of George Wash-

ington's hair, and an old Bible of Washington's. The names inscribed on it remind us once again of the great who so valiantly served our country.

Across the street is the Dudley Digges House which is said to have been made from bricks brought from France. The bricks were brought to America in the hull of his ship. A miniature model of the ship can be seen in the Custom House.

Farther down the street stands probably the most romantic and picturesque building in Yorktown—the Nelson House. Here Cornwallis made his headquarters during the latter part of the war. You can hardly blame him. Though it is not extremely large, it transplants you into colonial days. It is so very easy to picture gay cavaliers and fair maidens strolling in the garden, the aristocrats gathered around the table at an elegant dinner with the chandalier hanging overhead, reminding you of large raindrops falling. The mistress of the house, walking lightly down the stairs, graciously greets her guests. Those were the happy, carefree days.

Then the war! Everyone making use of the secret staircase which led to safety; everyone becoming frightened when the siege begins, then turning it over to Cornwallis for his headquarters.

Standing across the street from the Nelson House is the oldest house in Yorktown. That is its only importance, but perhaps that is importance enough.

The Old English Tavern, now called the Yorktown Hotel, was the first tavern to be built in Yorktown. It was here that Washington, Lafayette, and other great generals were entertained.

The Swan Tavern, reproduced on the original site, was opened as a house of entertainment more than one hundred and thirty years ago. The gayety and laughter that must have rung there makes itself heard. How happy the people must have been gathering there, awaiting their entertainment.

So when your tour of Yorktown is over, your throat tightens a little bit. For Yorktown isn't a boisterous, conceited town. It takes its standing in history simply, proudly. But the visitor leaves with the feeling that, at least, he has had a brief, but never-to-be-forgotten, look into the past.

Relief

By Dorothy Arnold

AT last the fatal day has arrived. I have been living in fear of this day for a week as it is the day on which I have to face the dentist, the modern Nero in a white coat who waits to torture you with his drill.

I draw near to his den and summoning all my available courage I knock at the fatal door. Looking up I discover that it is not the door I have been knocking on for the last five minutes but the nurse's face. Amidst apologies and explanations I stumble into his den and find a chair as far in the corner asp ossible. The nurse looks at me as if I were an escaped lunatic. She puts her desk between us and then she asks me what my name is, as if she is half-expecting me to say Napoleon Bonaparte, but I fool her and tell her my real name.

"The doctor will be with you in a few minutes," she says in a tone that reminds me of the time Humphrey Bogart was being sentenced to the chair. Under the watchful eyes of the nurse I pick up a magazine and pretend to be interested in it, only to discover that it is the Farmer's Weekly, a subject of which I know nothing and care less. I try another one and this time I am confronted with a dentist's picture on the first page. I give up in despair and try to calm my nerves by chewing on my fingernails. Half way through my third one the door in the far corner of the room opens. I grow cold. Chills run up and down my spine.

"Come in, my dear," he says with a smile, more like a sneer.

I struggle with my weak limbs and pass into the dreaded room. The sight of the drill chills my blood. I am seized with a sudden desire to rush out, but I change my mind and climb timidly into the chair and sit waiting as if expecting the electricity to be turned on any minute. If only I could by some miracle disappear from this horrible place.

"Now let's see. Open wide. Hm-m-m-m," mumbles the dentist, while he yanks my mouth open and probes around with several of his torture tools.

I sit silently not daring to move lest he should slip and cut half of my face away.

"Well, my child, your teeth are all right. Just a little cleaning, that is all," is his final verdict.

I am so startled that I just let my mouth hang open.

"You mean you won't have to use the drill at all? Why, I was half hoping you would. You see, I don't mind it at all. I rather like it 'cause it tickles. He-he-he-he." I grow braver each minute. "It seems that most people dread it, but I don't. I think it is silly to be afraid of a little thing like that, don't you, Doc?"

I walk out of the office feeling like a new person. I wasn't really scared. Shucks, who's afraid of a dentist?

A Wish

By Gloria Smith

Each day I wish
And wish for days gone by.
Each doll, each dish
In my memory never die.

Each day I would be
In the land of let's pretend;
With joy, with glee
These many hours would spend.

Each day I pray
That children dear to me
Shall romp, shall play.
For I am grown, you see.

To Forget

By Frank Myers

Down by the sea where the breeze is cool,
Down by the sandy shore,
In evening when the sunset fades,
And bathers swim no more,

There alone I sit and talk
To the much experienced waves,
Which always seem to relieve my mind
Of the weary thoughts it saves.

'Tis there I go on summer nights
When memories bother me;
It is the place, the only place,
That my mind and I are free.

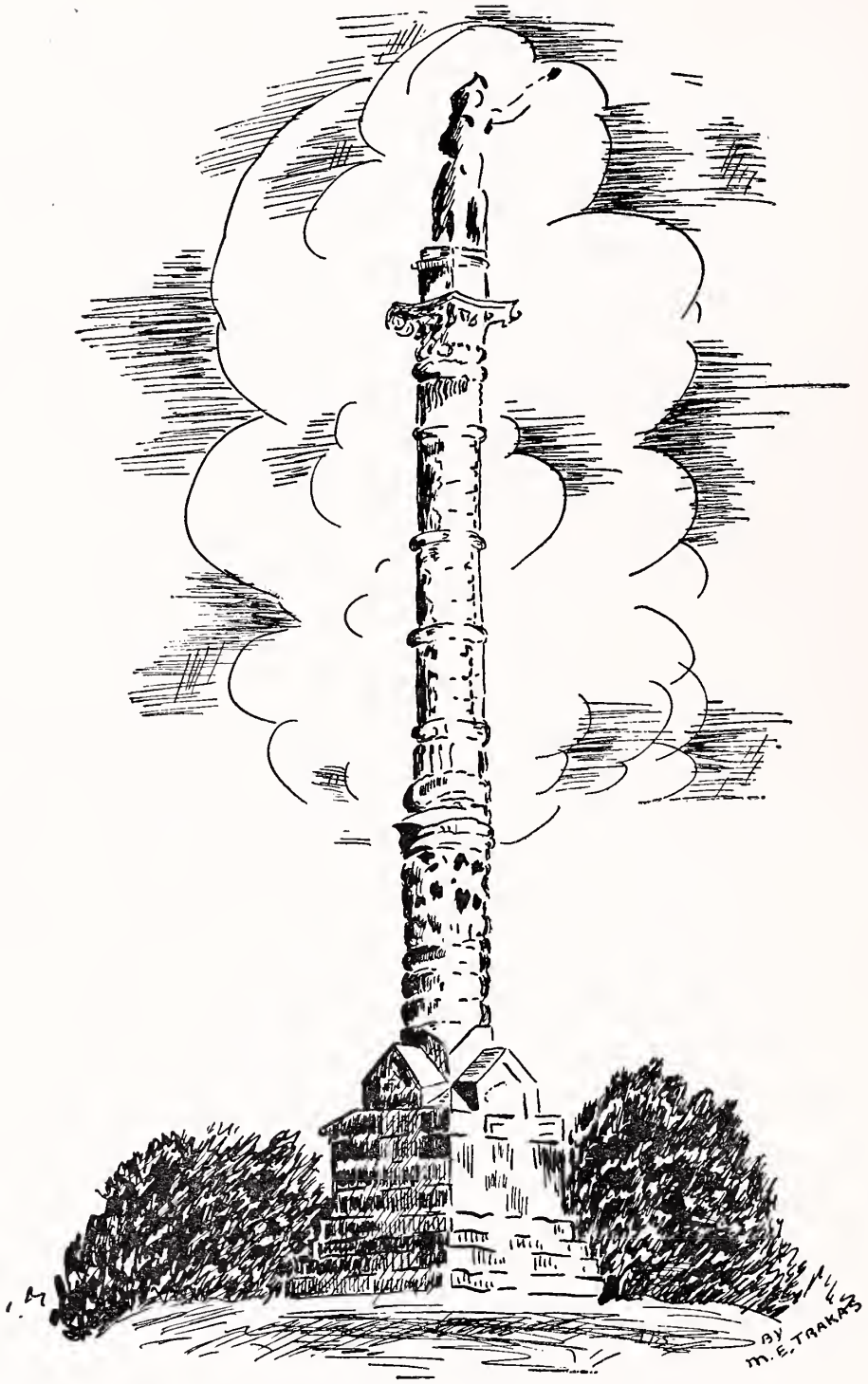
A Woodland Shrine

By Bob O'Leary

Deep in the forest dark and green,
There is a sight which few have seen.
There I go to sit and dream
Beside a gentle, flowing stream.

In this lovely God-made shrine
All the world seems to be mine.
The sunshine flickers through the trees,
And all of nature is at ease.

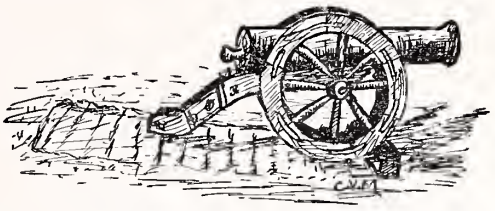
When my troubles bother me,
I close my eyes and I can see
The little haven in the dell,
Where I am king and all is well.



YORKTOWN MONUMENT

Down Yorktown's History Lane

By Jean Ide



WHERE Yorktown is today, about three hundred years ago there were only a forest of trees and perhaps a few Indians.

Then one day Benjamin Read came to Gloucester Point, which is directly across the river. He had a very large farm, which covered all of Gloucester Point and crossed the river to include the land on which Yorktown is now.

Years later, in 1621, a surveyor, by the name of Lawrence Smith, was sent to buy the land on the shore opposite Mr. Benajmin Read's home on Gloucester Point for the purpose of laying out a shire-town (which means a court-house town). Mr. Read received ten thousand pounds of tobacco for his land. The tobacco was paid to him from the king's treasury. The river which runs between Gloucester Point and the Shire of York was called at first the Charles River, but it was changed later to the York river and the shire was called Yorktown after the town of York in England.

Mr. Lawrence Smith laid out the town in little plots. There were seventy-five of them. Anyone could buy one of these half-acre lots—if he built a house on it within a year. If he did not build a house, he had to forfeit his land. The price of the land was one hundred and eighty pounds of tobacco for each lot.

When the town was first laid out, there were seven streets that ran across the one main street which was parallel to the river. This street's name was just plain Main street. The other streets were (and still are) called Pearl, Bacon, Grace, Smith, Read, Ballard, and Buckner.

In its early days Yorktown was the first port of entry for all ships from abroad. Each ship as it came into North America went to this port to the Custom House to get its papers before going to the northern cities to trade.

Yorktown during these early years was probably a very peaceful, ordinary little village that went to the Episcopal church on Sunday and fished or grew tobacco during the week. But Yorktown was very gradually growing. As more and more ships came to the New World, more and more people would stay and settle in Yorktown until at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were about 3,600 people living there.

Yorktown's part in this great Revolution was very important because it was here that the decisive move was made toward freedom.

The siege of Yorktown began in 1781. Lord Cornwallis was in possession of the town, and he had several of his ships lying at anchor a little above Gloucester Point. The American army was stationed around the outskirts in the form of a half-circle. There they built breastworks and forts. The American commanders were General Washington, to the south; Nelson, whose home was in Yorktown, to the east; and Rachambeau to the west. In the river below Yorktown was stationed the French fleet whose commander was Comte de Grasse. Thus Cornwallis and his army were almost completely surrounded. They did, however, have Gloucester Point as a means of escape. If they could get across safely, they could make good their escape. Cornwallis secured several small flat-bottomed boats (which are pretty hard to manage in rough weather), which he intended to use at the first opportunity that presented itself.

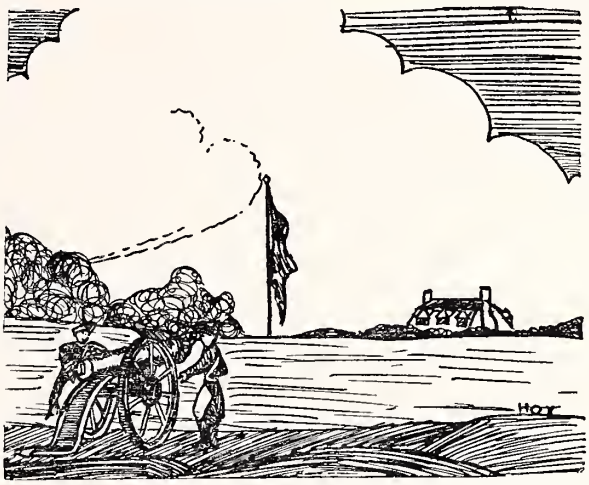
One calm, very dark night it was decided that a crossing should be attempted. At twelve o'clock, therefore, they started out, but before they had gotten half-way across a sudden storm came up. The little boats could not be managed. They drifted down the river; some were turned over and some managed to return to shore. Those that went down-stream were captured by the French, who then moved up the river and conquered the English fleet. Before the English fleet had been taken, however, all valuable equipment had been put overboard into the river. The river since then has been dragged several times for a chest of money that was supposed to have been thrown over, but it has very likely sunk into the mud beyond recovery.

The capture of the English fleet took place on October 18th. This necessitated the surrender of Cornwallis; but he had written earlier to New York for reinforcements and was expecting them any minute. He therefore sent a note to General Washington asking him to postpone the surrender because "of his inability to attend on account of sickness." Washington learned of the reinforcements and sent the French fleet to check them. The English fleet was met at the mouth of the river. One of the ships was sunk; the others retreated. Therefore, Washington insisted that there should be no postponement of the surrender. The next day, the 19th, Cornwallis sent General O'Hara to present the sword of surrender. General Washington deputized General Lincoln to receive it for him.

It is not known exactly where this sword, the symbol of American freedom, exchanged hands, but the fact that it happened at Yorktown makes the town itself a living monument to the brave founders of free America!

After the Revolutionary War, Yorktown went about its life much as it had before the war.

Then the War Between the States swept over the eastern coast line, and Yorktown had a full share of its fire and smoke. Fortunately the historical homes and buildings were left whole.



Today people come from all over the United States to see the buildings, and hear the story of the guides, and stand on the battleground where a colony was lost and a new country won.

Those of us with vivid imaginations, when we stand on one of its battlefields, can almost hear the cannon and guns; can visualize the surrender. It's stirring!

Jealousy

By Peggy Steel

Oh you, with fingers long and cold and thin,
Inciting man to frenzy and to sin,
You take a heart content and devil it
With false ideas, and godless schemes and dread.
Till God and love are merely visions, dead.

Oh, why do you torment and lead us on
To struggle and useless pain till all is gone?
What loathing of mankind so prompts your deeds?
Can you not let a life be lived at ease
Unless you torture, threaten, taint and tease?

Ah strange, green goddess of the dazzling eyes,
From what new shores, or waves, or startling skies
Did you appear to strike the heart of man
And make him tremble with a shaking fear,
Dismayed by a weird, unholy voice in his ear?

Beauty Is Truth

Music

By Jean Ide

Music is the thing that makes the world go 'round.
Music, as you know, drove the rats to the sea,
Music meant hunting with horse and with hound,
Music is life, and so let it be!

Music is the thing that makes the world bright and gay.
Music is always where a festival might be.
Music means dancing with "Glide—two, three, stay—"
Music is laughter, and so let it be!

Music is the thing that makes neighbors cease war.
Music is the thing that brings harmony and peace.
Music can do all this, and more;
For music is love, and it always will be.

Inspiration

By Gloria Smith

I wandered through the woods one day;
'Twas in October fair.
The birds and beasts were all at play
While I sought quiet there.

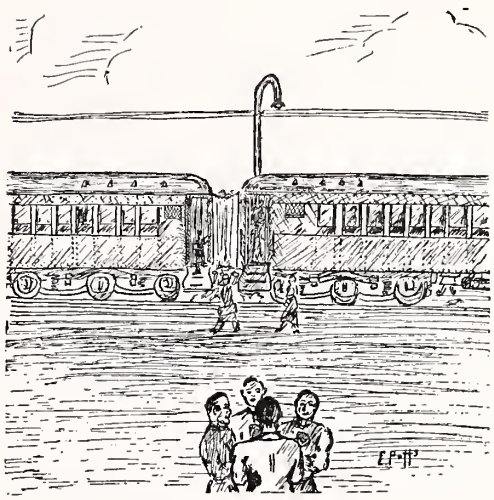
The rabbits scampered in gaiety
Upon the leafy ground.
Mid silence and serenity,
This was what I had found.

I came out of the woods that day
Without a worldly thought.
The birds and beasts had left with me
The peaceful mind I sought.

The Co-Ed

By Jerry Sanders

IT all started one Saturday afternoon when most of the football team were gathered in my room discussing the usual thing, football. Our need of a good halfback was acute, and it didn't do us any good to try to pretend Percy Jones was any good. As John Billings, our lanky end, put it, "If we don't find a second Jim Thorpe between now and Thanksgiving, Woodcrest is going to be easy meat for Myrtle Court again this year."



"Yeah," piped up Pinky Madison, a second-string guard, "but where're we to find one even as good as Percy who, you'll have to admit, is lousy?"

Just then the door popped open and Woodcrest's diminutive center rushed into the room and exclaimed excitedly, "Guess what, fellows. A girl's coming to Woodcrest. What do you think of that? A girl!"

"What!" exclaimed all of us in unison. "A girl?"

"You're kidding," scoffed John.

"No, I'm not. I was helping 'Billy' " (that's what we all call our president, Mr. William J. Blanton) "in the office and I saw a letter that he was writing to his sister. Here. I copied down part of it. Read it yourself," Jimmy retorted handing the scrap of paper to me.

Taking it, I read in Jimmy's ragged scrawl, " 'My dear sister Shirley, I am very glad to learn that young Shirley is going to come live with me and go to Woodcrest.' Well, I'll be—"

"A girl—oh-h!— What'll those Myrtle Court bullies say now? They always did say that we had a sissy school," put in Wallie Mitchell, our very capable tackle.

"It'll be just like a co-ed school, having a girl around here," moaned another.

"Yeah, I can just see it now: 'Bill, will you buckle my skates?' 'Jimmy, will you carry my books?' 'John, I'd just adore one of those double ice-

cream sodas', 'Billy, how about helping me with my algebra?' just the way my sister does me when I'm home," sighed Billings.

"But your sister's not so bad, in a way," said Pinky. "Look at those swell raisin cookies she sent you last week."

"What'll we do?" asked Wallie. "We can't let a girl come to Woodcrest without at least trying to do something about it, can we?"

"Gosh, no!" cried John, " but what can we do? If Billy has already made preparations for her, talking to him won't do any good."

"I've got it!" yelled Jimmy. "We'll just ignore her and maybe she'll get mad and leave."

"Did you ever try to ignore a silly girl? Nope, that won't work. She might get mad but she wouldn't leave," moaned the hen-pecked brother.

"Maybe we can make it so unbearable with tricks and things that she'll want to go home," hopefully suggested Wallie.

"That's it!" exclaimed Jimmie. "We can get Partee, the janitor of 'Billy's' house, to put some rats in her room. That'll fix her."

"Oh boy! I'll go around looking into that trick tube I've got, and if she's anything like my sister, she'll want to look too. I can just see her in class with a black eye now," gleefully shouted Billings.

A bell for football practice ended the discussion for the time, and it wasn't until Monday that I heard anything more about Shirley. I was walking back to Walton Hall with John Billings when Jimmy came up to us and said, "Everything is about ready. Almost everybody knows about it and what we're going to do. I even think 'Billy' has heard that we know about it, 'cause today, as I was leaving the office, he told me that he wanted a group of us boys to go with him to the train to meet somebody. When he said 'somebody' he grinned as if he was ashamed of what he had done."

"He oughta' be," hotly declared our lanky end, looking indignant, "but we'll all go, with everything from hand-shake bombs to stink bombs."

"I told Partee about it too," added Jimmy, "and he's not only going to put the rats in her room, but also fix all of the chairs so they'll break down when she sits down."

"That's the stuff," said John. "And say, what do you think of Percy? He's had his best suit pressed and he's been playing up to 'Billy' so he'll be invited over to dinner some night. Whatta sap! I don't see why we can't kick him off the football team; he's a disgrace to the human race."

With this we all went into the dining room and forgot all about the future co-ed. However, the next morning was the time of the new student's arrival, and long before the rising bell the school was full of activity. None of the cooks said anything about the surprising lack of salt on the table after breakfast, but they didn't know that it was destined for a certain bed.

After breakfast, as we drove out of the gates "Billy" didn't seem to notice the unusual amount of paper and leaves scattered all over the campus, the neatness of which was Woodcrest's greatest tradition. This, too, was Billings' idea, for he stoutly maintained that neatness was the way to a girl's heart. We reached the station to find that the train was a little late and that we were preceded by a very dressed-up boy in horned-rim glasses carrying a bouquet of roses which he tried to hide when he saw us.

"Why, Percy! What are you doing here?" I asked, fighting an impulse to run my hand roughly through his slicked-down hair.

"Well—I-I-I—that is—I've got a-a-a sister coming in on this train," stammered our modern Beau Brummel.

"Oh-h-h, oh, what a dope! He's hopeless," cried Pinky as the train rolled into the station.

When the train had stopped, quite a number of boys from the school had arrived to see the fun. When the last person had left the train and not a single girl had been seen, the boys breathed a sigh of relief. Even "Billy" seemed to have forgotten his niece, for he had begun a conversation with a tall broad-shouldered boy. Suddenly the boy grinned and "Billy" turned to us and said, "Boys, I'd like to introduce my nephew, Shirley Williams. He's going to be at Woodcrest this year, and I've been told that he is a pretty good half-back."

Rhythm

By Daphne Pate

There's a swish in the bend of the wheat straw;
There's a crackle as dry leaves fly free;
There's a whir in the burr of a butterfly's flight;
There's a sigh in the top of the tree;
There's a drone in the buzz of the bee.

There's a wheeze in the song of a cricket;
There's a song as the wind sways each tree;
Each rain drop beats plain on my window pane
Keeping time with the song of each tree.
There's rhythm in all that I see.

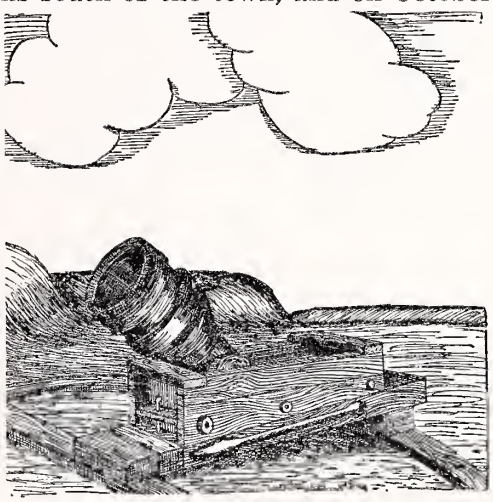
Wm Hoy

The Yorktown Battlefield

I. The French Lines

By Jerry Sanders

THE Yorktown that we visited on a sunny day in October, 1940, must have been very different from that of 1781. It was then that Lord Cornwallis, discouraged by six long years of war against the stubborn American colonies and pursued by Lafayette's superior forces, began to fortify Yorktown. He considered the little Virginia town a suitable place for making a last desperate stand against those ragged but fiery Continentals, recently re-enforced by fresh well-equipped French troops under Rochambeau. However, all of the English commander's hopes of success were hinged on the support of the British navy anchored off Yorktown. These hopes were shattered by the sudden appearance of the French fleet commanded by Comte de Grasse. In the battle that followed, Cornwallis was left with no outlet except through the fortifications, rapidly being erected all around him. He looked with consternation at the almost impenetrable swamp to the northwest, at the mixed troops of Lafayette to the west, and at the gray-clad French troops of Rochambeau to the southwest. In the east was the blockade of the French fleet and in the south were the remnants of the army of the indomitable General Washington. After landing at Jamestown Washington had marched his buckskin-covered troops toward Yorktown. He immediately began constructing fortifications south of the town, and on October ninth opened fire on the British in the battle that was to decide the fate of a nation. The French and American batteries showed the effect of the week of preparation as they pounded the English lines with round after round of red hot shells. The largest of these batteries was the Grand French Battery. It was situated at the western end of the first line of advance of the Colonial forces in the south.



When I was told that we were approaching the reconstruction of

this battery I expected to see an uninteresting grass-covered hill with a sign saying "Grand French Battery" like all the battlefields that I have ever visited. But I was greatly mistaken, for I found spread out before me a perfect replica of one of the artillery batteries which played such an important part in the final outcome of the last battle of the war. The grass-covered hills were there, a huge wall of earth with grooves cut in them through which the big guns fired. As I was looking calmly at those man-made hills and, believe it or not, enjoying it, a kill-joy suddenly appeared in the form of our faculty adviser, informing me that I was now viewing the subject on which I was to write. For me, a perfect day ended right there. In the jumble of questions which I hastily hurled at our guide, I learned that those huge inverted bells, hung on a metal frame, supported by a heavy wooden base were called mortars and that they were some of the original guns used in '81. The word mortar didn't mean much to me then, but I later found that the one the guide had described as such was to lob large round balls into the enemy lines which the guide pointed out to us "exactly eight hundred yards away."

Behind the mortars were a group of underground rooms. After we had ascended from those dark, damp caves, I heard it described by one of the girls of our party as "a cute cubby-hole." Our guide told us that these caves were used to protect the ammunition from the British fire.

Continuing my wanderings, after stumbling on an ancient gun carriage, I found two more big guns. That veritable walking encyclopedia in the uniform said that these were called howitzers and that they were similar to the mortars except that their arc of fire was not so great. The pieces in question seemed to be a compromise between a mortar and a cannon. They were not as large around as the mortars nor raised to as great an angle, and they weren't as long as a cannon. They had the wheels of a cannon but also the heavy base of a mortar. To aim the ancient howitzer, in contrast with the intricate mechanisms which control modern guns, a large wedge had to be driven between the barrel and the base. Looking closer at the howitzer, I saw engraved on the whitish metal of the guns what I took to be the British coat-of-arms, that of France and also one unknown to me. That ever-present gentleman in uniform informed me that the unknown emblem was the Swiss coat-of-arms and that the presence of the three was due to the fact that the gun had been made by the Swiss, sold to the English, and then captured by the French. Both of the howitzers had engraved, just below the coats-of-arms, the date 1776.

Leaving the guns I climbed up and sat down at the top of the parapets protecting the whole battery. Before and below me I could see the shallow infantry trenches which were connected to the battery by equally shallow

communication trenches. As I sat there, so still, the sun seemed to disappear behind a cloud. Instead of the bright green grass under my feet, I saw mud, showing the footprints of the weary soldiers. The fort was alive with activity. I could see the soldiers, hurrying to and from the guns with their red hot balls. Then the whistle of the shells seem to fill the air around me, followed by a triumphant shout from the gunner as he scored a hit—then the cries of the wounded and a voice hailed me, "Where in the world have you been? We're ready to go." Startled, I jumped to my feet. One of the boys stood beside me. Reluctantly I followed him to the car, silently thanking my lucky stars that we are still enjoying the freedom purchased here so dearly a hundred and fifty-nine years ago.

II. The Second Parallel

By Junior Martinsen

Leaving the Grand French Battery, I was informed by our faculty adviser that I was to take up the battle from there. With this in mind, I sought a new page in my note book for notes on this account of the battlefield.

We traveled for several miles on a winding road through beautiful woods handsomely laden with various colored leaves. Although we did not stop at the Surrender Field, I could see it and plainly visualize the British troops marching down between two columns of silent men. The French were in full dress uniforms while the Americans were clad in tattered and torn rags, some half-naked and some barefooted. The British band played the old popular song of that day, "The World Turned Upside Down," which I think was very appropriate for that occasion. The soldiers stacked their arms in huge piles. Then General O'Hara brought the sword of General Cornwallis and handed it to General Lincoln, who received it for General Washington and the French officers. Thus British rule was over forever.

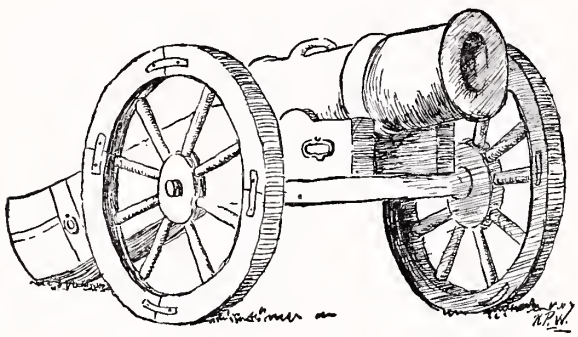
Going on, we visited the Moore House, which was a quaint farm house about two miles southeast of Yorktown, facing the York river. It was here that, on October the eighteenth, Commissioners of the British, American, and French armies met to draw up the Articles of Capitulation.

Leaving the Moore House, I learned from our guide that we were approaching Redoubt Number Nine on the left of the British outer works. This is the spot where the most severe fighting of the battle took place. This Redoubt and Redoubt Number Ten were to be taken in order to con-

tinue the American second parallel to the river to link up with the fleet of Comte de Grasse, that had previously taken control of the harbor.

Redoubt Number Nine, as I saw it, was a strongly fortified position with high parapets. A ledge was constructed around the inside of these parapets so that the soldiers could shoot at the enemy without having to climb up and slide down each time. There was a groove in the parapet where each cannon and howitzer was placed. Under each cannon and howitzer there was a platform of wooden slabs to which these guns were fastened. The wheels of these guns were made of hardwood sections which were bolted together. Under each howitzer, a wedge was used to raise or lower the muzzle to determine the various ranges desired. There was, on the outside of this rampart, a wide, deep ditch. A picket barricade, constructed of sharp, pointed logs, was put up aslant, pointing outwards around the ramparts. When the National Park Service reconstructed this battlefield, they made the replica of the wooden slabs, under the cannons and howitzers, and the logs in the picket barricade to resemble the originals. One may even see the grains in the slabs and the bark on the logs. There was but one small entrance in the back of this redoubt, making it almost impossible to capture.

On the night of October the fourteenth four hundred French soldiers successfully captured Redoubt Number Nine. Meanwhile four hundred American soldiers, consisting of troops from Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York succeeded in taking Redoubt Number Ten under Colonel Alexander Hamilton. Immediately the second parallel was extended to the river as planned. It was at this time that Lord Cornwallis realized that he was about to be defeated. The next day he tried to retreat across the York river and escape by way of Gloucester Point. He was unsuccessful in this act, so he decided to surrender.



I had a very enjoyable trip, but I realized, afterwards, that the worst was to come when I should set about the composition of this article.

In The Lonely Night

By Betty Pott

THE inside of the small brick hut was dark except for an occasional shaft of late sunlight that shot through the cracks in the old door. On one side of the shabby room was a heavily-curtained bed, and beside it sat a small Chinese woman. She had pulled aside the curtains, disclosing a little boy lying under a rough quilt. His face was flushed with fever and his dull eyes seemed too big for his thin face.

The woman was crooning softly, "Ah-Tsi, you are a strong boy, my son. This sickness cannot hurt you and soon you will be spinning the sounding tops and going to school once again. You will get well; for did not the fortune teller sell me this charm for you? The evil spirits cannot hurt you now."

The mother was silent now. She watched the bed. Of course he would not die. The gods would not be so cruel as to take away an only son, the only heir to carry on the family name. Only this morning she had given ten of her precious coppers to buy incense sticks, and the priest had chanted a long prayer to Kuan Yin, the great Goddess of Mercy.

"You will get well," continued the mother. "You will be great and perhaps join the army as your father did. You shall drive out the evil oppressors and win honor for our name. Ah, how your father would like to see you now! He would be so proud of you, but, alas, he is gone! These five years he has been fighting and I do not know where or how he is." She began to weep silently as she often did thinking about her husband.

Five years ago her husband had gone with the Chinese army. She had not heard from him since then. Yet she did not give up hope, and she remained in the same brick hut so that he could find her easily after his return. She had not even fled when the Japanese came with their terrible, inhuman methods of warfare. Life had been hard since then. Rice had grown more and more expensive, and she could not afford more than a small

bowl apiece each day. Now this fever was daily taking a large toll of lives in the city. Ai-Ya! The gods were unkind now, but soon Ah-Tsi would grow better and her husband would return. Her luck would change, she knew.

The sun had gone down and the room was dark. Seeing that Ah-Tsi was sleeping, the mother took down a small paper lantern and lifted the flimsy latch on the door. The light from the village street lamp shone on the pale face in the bed, and, as she turned to look, she saw that her son was peacefully sleeping.

She stumbled on her tiny bound feet along a mud path, and on reaching an open field she went straight to a small, dirty pond on the far side. Often before, when her boy had been sick, and his spirit had begun to wander, she had come to this very same spot and called him back. She had no doubt that he would return, but there was a curious tightness in her throat, which she could not understand. She began to moan, "Ah-Tsi, come back to your mother. Ah-Tsi, Siao Ah-Tsi (Ah-Tsi, little Ah-Tsi, come)." Her cries became shrill and anguished, and the wind mocked at them. Growing quieter, she began to pray for the mercy of Kuan Yin, but a sudden gust of wind blew out the candle in her lamp. She knew that was a bad sign. Stark terror lit her face and, clutching her thin gown about her to keep out the cold wind, she stumbled along the narrow lane which she had come on. Reaching the hut she ran in and threw herself on her knees beside the bed. She took the small hand that lay under the rough quilt. It was cold and stiff. Suddenly she sobbed hysterically, "The gods have taken my Ah-Tsi!"

Finally the wild sobbing stopped and the room was still, except for an occasional low moan. "I must have courage, for my husband will return," she moaned. "Ai-Ya, I must have courage, for the gods are unkind to cowards."

Contentious

By Clyde Woodruff

If I were but the Linden tree,
I'd rather be the bee
That sipped of nectar free;
But if the bee, I swear I'd pray:
Bring back the tree; I love its sway.

Death of a Friend

By Herbert Jordan

He was brown and white with two black ears,
And always so faithful to me;
I would soothe his head and quiet his fears
As he jumped in my lap with glee.

There were splotches of blood on his milk-white fur
When I picked him up I could see.
He was only a dog to his murderer,
But, O, such a friend to me!

King Winter

By Billy Eades

With a whirl, with a dash, King Winter draws near
Strewing leaves over land, hill, and dale,
Bringing promise of snowtime and pleasant days,
And the winds hurtle down in a gale.

With a sweep of his brush, King Winter wipes out
The color of autumn so pale;
A blanket of snow soon hides the whole scene
From the hill top to mountain and dale.

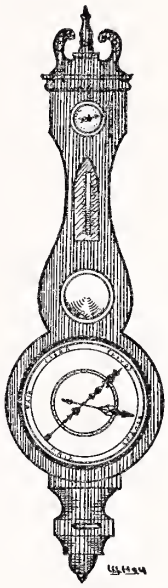
With a roar and a crash King Winter departs
Making way for a sweet breath of spring;
Soon the flowers will bloom and the trees bud again
And the birds with a chirp start to sing.

THE MOORE HOUSE

The Moore House

By Mary Ruth Carroll

ONLY a few charming miles from Yorktown is the Moore House. I use the word charming because the beauty of the way kept me entranced nearly the whole drive—that and my imagination. I wonder if that body of men who drew up the capitulation documents were conscious of so much beauty. It was a hundred and fifty-nine years ago that very month that they had met. It was in October—October eighteenth to be precise. One week later (and quite a number of years, of course) we were passing over the same route, and I marvelled at the brilliant panorama of parti-colored leaves as they danced in the breeze before my eyes. Occasionally one was wafted downward in our path. Through the lacy screen of the leaves we could see the York river on our left rolling leisurely, indifferently along—so indifferent to the sights it had witnessed! Yet I can't help but think that it shows a quiet dignity in its reticence. Though aloof it continues to flow there as it has for untold centuries, a witness to gayety and sorrow and tribulation and triumph. What tales it could unfold!



My thoughts reverted to another October over a century and a half ago, and I found myself wondering what must have been their sentiments as they traveled. I could so plainly see stern, grave-faced men riding slowly. Their eyes were piercing and looked neither to right nor left, so engrossed were the owners on their innermost thoughts. Even if occasionally they did regard their surroundings I wonder if they could have seen the sights on which I gazed entranced. Perhaps they saw some of the same trees I had seen—without their leaves, with the ground under them beaten by horses' hoofs and lacerated by wagon wheels, and stagnant pools in the mire. Such, perhaps, were the ravages of war. Nor was the Moore House itself in much better condition at that time if I may judge from a picture which is kept in the hall of the house.

When finally we drove up to the house I was inclined to call it not house but the Moore Home, for it must have been a beautiful home with such a location. It is hardly more than a stone's throw from the historic York itself. Such a quaint picturesque white picket fence surrounds the

house and its immediate grounds that it takes little imagination to see stage coaches arriving at its gate and gallant cavaliers and cameo ladies alight. Evidently my fascination had been remarked by others, for when I finaly emerged from a modern horseless carriage, I noticed a patient alighting. Evidently my fascination had been remarked by others, for when I finally emerged from a modern horseless carriage, I noticed a patient smile hovering on the lips of my companions.

Undaunted I followed the symmetrical patterns of the paths on the green to the house. Outside I paused a moment to notice its architecture. It is of a rectangular shape on its foundation only, for the shingled roof does not stop at the top of the second story but slants quaintly and seems to continue to the ceiling of the first. There are two chimneys, one at each end of the house.

As I entered the door, I think I felt just a little disappointed, for the atmosphere immediately struck me as "not quite so homey as the exterior." Perhaps the bareness of the hall had something to do with that impression, for except for a dilapidated chair (which incidentally, is one of the few pieces of original furniture in the house), a table, and a copy of the peace terms, there was very little in it. There was no rug on the broad-plank floor. Opposite the front door at the end of the hall is the back entrance. On the left side of the hall there is a staircase which has a landing directly over the back door. A window above the landing allows a flood of light.

It was this landing and window that particularly attracted my attention. I could see a lovely lady standing there who seemed to glance inquiringly down on us. She paused only a minute, and I thought I heard her skirts rustle as she disappeared.

With a tug at my arm I came to earth with a thud as I realized my fancy had played tricks with me. However, I acknowledged with a word of thanks my more practical companion even though I had much rather have been alone at that moment with my imagination. Nevertheless I reprimanded myself with a quick "Stop dreaming"—but not without another hasty glance at the staircase.

I hurried across the room just in time to hear the guide say, "The house contains nine rooms, five of which are bed rooms on the second floor. On the first floor the living room is the front room on the right. The dining room is directly opposite across the hall. These two rooms and one bedroom are the only ones furnished. The den is located behind the living room."

The living room, though small, is the most delightful, and an important room too! As I looked upon its neat arrangement, I thought the neatness itself slightly ironical, for I could not imagine it like that on that dis-

tant October eighteenth. The little table in the center could not possibly have been so orderly with its open book and apparently carelessly placed eye glasses. The soft colors of the rug, with rose predominating, were repeated in the upholstery. On the center table is a quaint object which looks like an enormous lamp shade that contains a candle. So this is what was used for illumination! In this room is another of the original pieces of furniture. It is a small table which is placed in a corner near the door. No, I simply could not see this room looking like this on that night so many years ago. Instead I am partial to the idea that the room was littered with crumpled papers, the table piled high with manuscripts, quills, and ink all in confusion! Possibly some cast-off sheets were curling on the hearth. Perhaps an English commissioner paced the floor in anguish. He had reason to, for Cornwallis had bidden his representatives to obtain a guarantee for safety for British sympathizers—a request which was refused along with three other requests. Washington preferred to leave this to the civil authorities.

However, I noticed that the ship Bonetta was given to Cornwallis to land with British merchandise. (How the waves must have risen about its sides). Nevertheless, the terms were fair and only four of the British terms were not granted. There were only four men in this assembly—two English, one French and one American. Neither general was present. They are thought to have been in Yorktown.

Across the hall in the dining room orderlies, messengers and officers waited patiently or impatiently. What do soldiers do with a victory gained? They may have stood silently or they may have paced the floor. No one told me that they did not raid Mrs. Moore's pantry for delectable eatables—so, why not? Perhaps the elusive lady served refreshments herself, for no one seems to know where she or any of her family was that night. Perhaps they had retired to their rooms, perhaps they spent the night with a neighbor, perhaps—oh, many things! Only on one point does one seem to be certain. They were not in the little front room on the right.

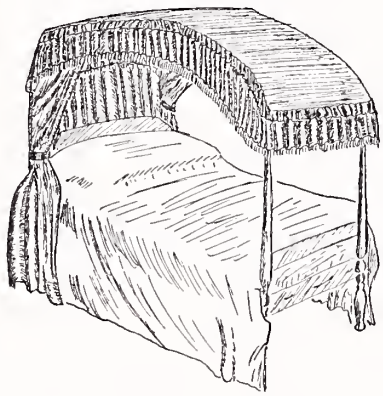
The Moore House, I am told, was chosen for this meeting because of its desirable location, and personally I cannot blame the choosers. It is a pity the commissioners could have seen so little of it that night, but perhaps I'm wrong, for by some chance I heard that the conference lasted un-

til the nineteenth. The first streak of dawn, promise of a new day, must have reflected its light far across the river. I wonder if one of the four men did not draw the attention of the others to it. Calmly he must have parted the curtains and silently nodded toward the east. Perhaps he or one of the others, as they drew closer to the window, spoke softly, "Dawn."

"Wake up, dreamer."

I turned quickly and tried desperately to hide my confusion by paying the strictest attention to the guide who was saying in a rather crisp, dry voice, "The chain of ownership of the Moore House has been established from early in the seventeenth century. There seemed to have been three families connected with it. In 1686 Lawrence Smith purchased the property from the Rudlow family. He left it to his son, Lawrence, who lived on the property from 1700 until his death in 1737. His wife lived on it until her death and left it to her son who sold the property to Augustine Moore in 1786. If it be true that the Moore House was built about 1750, it was probably erected by Lawrence Smith, the younger."

I could learn very little concerning Mr. Augustine Moore, the owner, in spite of my persistent questioning. After much interrogation I came to understand that Mr. Moore was apprenticed to a merchant, learned the trade, became a partner to Nelson, married, and bought the Moore House. After that I suppose he lived happily ever after.



It was once popularly believed that the Moore House was the summer home of Governor Spottswood and that it was named for a Mr. Bernard Moore who married the daughter of the governor. However interesting this legendary story of Governor Spottswood's connection with the Moore House, in the light of recent research it seems to be quite without basis.

The only out-buildings now standing are the ice house and kitchen. That's strange. The kitchen—an outbuilding? Even so. That's all very nice for summer and just a little flattering to the climate of Virginia. However we know that it isn't all sunshine and daises. Imagine trying to carry a Christmas turkey to the house through falling snow!

Time for departure came all too soon and although I lingered far behind, even the most sluggish steps in time approach a destination. Once near the car I was whisked in without further delay and before I realized it, I was giving my farewell glance to the Moore House.

After a thoughtful silence, I despondently asked of no one in particular, "How shall I ever write what one sees and feels in there?"

"You'll try—but you won't," was the comforting reply. However, the voice was so serious that immediate laughter followed and gayety was resumed. The subject was temporarily placed aside—but not forgotten!

The Colt

By Warren Purcell

O little colt in the pasture green,
You stay so close to your mother's side,
As if afraid of what you've seen
In this good world, so new and wide.

I think I'll touch you just for fun,
And put my hand upon you so.
You show me then how you can run;
I dodge your heels as away you go.

As away you run, I think of the day
You'll come to me when you hear my call,
And be not afraid with me to play,
To eat from my hand o'er the pasture wall.

Down With Cats

By Bob O'Leary

EVERYONE has a pet hate. Some people hate to get up in the morning, others hate gum chewers, while still others hate loud noises of all kinds. My pet hate is cats! My prejudice against cats has been intensified by my extremely unpleasant relationship with a particular cat.

The cat of which I am speaking is one Michael McCann (Mickey) O'Leary. Mickey is the name my sister gave him, he took the McCann from the family to which he belonged when he was born, and when they gave him to my sister as a present he stole the O'Leary.

As a kitten "Mickey" was quite cute, which is not unnatural for kittens, but as he grew older he took a turn for the worse. He lost his kittenish ways at an early age and became a big, unfriendly feline critter whose main object in life is sleeping and seeing how much food he can consume.

Mickey has only one friend. She is Amelia, the cook, and although Amelia is sure he likes her better than he likes anyone else in the world, she doesn't realize that his seeming liking for her personal charms is due to the fact that she feeds him to suit his very gourmandish tastes.

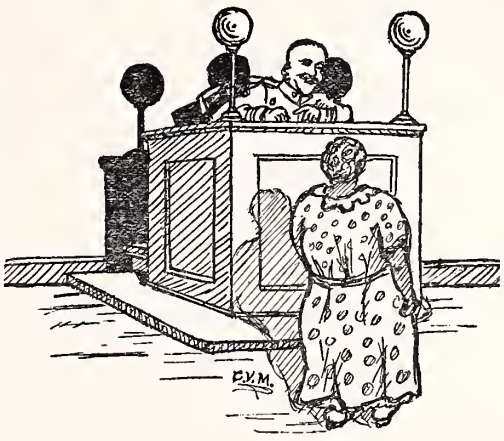
If this over-sized, lazy, good-for-nothing animal were the least bit useful I would possibly forgive him for his many other shortcomings, but on an occasion when he was confronted with a mouse our hero, "Mickey," promptly jumped into a chair for safety.

One day last spring when Mickey was tramping through my mother's hyacinth bed crushing the buds to earth like an elephant crashing through the jungle, he was attacked and driven to cover by one of the smallest blue-jay's ever seen in these parts.

Like many other people I was suffering from a severe attack of hay fever last month, and I was persuaded to go to a doctor and take tests to find out what was making me feel so miserable. Yes, you have guessed it already; the doctor told me I am allergic to cats!

I Knowed It Was Comin'!

By Kathleen Rahily



HIBERNIA was a tall, chocolate-colored negress with the short, kinky hair that is peculiar to her race. When she was angry, her eyes, ordinarily brown, became a deep black and the whites became bloodshot. This was the only sign that her natural, placid calm had been disturbed, for she had what many of the "upper crust" strive for in vain, true poise. In short, Hibernia embodied most of the qualities of character that we have come to believe are naturally in the Negro. She also had one other trait supposedly rampant in her race, "lightfingeredness", or, as some might say, the abiity to make off with anything not fastened down.

It was in a small, weatherbeaten frame store that Hibernia met her downfall. Algie Faucey, storekeeper, was an old withered man, a pocket edition of the massive Negro laborer that one is accustomed to see on the streets of a town similar to Petersburg, a town with a predominantly colored population.

Hibernia, a frequent customer of Faucey's Store, had been accused by Faucey, the owner, of stealing several packs of cigarettes. She denied the charge vociferously but to no avail. The facts were that she had not been working regularly at the factory, and therefore she had not drawn full pay for several months. This in itself would throw suspicion on her, for she would be more likely to steal if her financial condition was not good.

As in the case of all clannish races, her friends came to her aid. Overton, a lazy, good-for-nothing admirer of hers, claimed that he gave her the cigarettes and that Hibernia was "as honest as the Good Lord Himself." This statement, made to the officers making the arrest, carried little or no weight, and he was told that his testimony would be used later.

Hibernia was brought to trial about three weeks after the arrest was made. During the interval between the arrest and the trial, many were the visitors whom she had. Three of the foremen at the factory in which she had worked were among the people who tried to help her out at this

time. These "gentlemens", as she called them, saw several prominent civic officials in her behalf, but they were rebuffed on all sides. No one seemed to share their confidence in Hibernia's honesty, and they themselves, after so many disheartening attempts to prove it "informally" dispaired of ever doing it "formally", or rather "before the judge." Almost the only point in this "triumvirate's" favor was the fact that Faucey was considered "peculiar" by all who knew and patronized him. Besides he had made a similar accusation several years previously. This former "incident," however, had not assumed the proportions of the present one since the charge had been disproved at the start by the assertion of a reputable citizen that he gave the goods in question to the negro, and that there was no doubt as to their being legally his.

When the trial rolled around, Hibernia was supplied with excellent legal counsel, and Overton was on hand to testify in her favor.

As the trial proceeded and Faucey gave his testimony, things began to look better for Hibernia. Faucey's actions on the witness stand were extremely irregular, and he contradicted himself a number of times as to how the robbery took place.

Overton helped Hibernia immeasurably as he told of giving the disputed goods to her a short time before she entered Faucey's store.

Hibernia herself was not called upon since it was felt that she could add nothing to the testimony already given. There followed in rapid succession numerous character witnesses, all of whom benefited her case by their arguments.

As the trial was brought to a close, everyone felt that her innocence had been proved and that she would be immediately freed. The judge pronounced sentence, and it was with a distinct shock that spectators heard him say, "Ninety days in jail."

Hibernia then made her only speech. After receiving the verdict with her calm poise and self-confidence apparently undisturbed, she said, "Yassuh, Jedge, I knowed it was comin', 'cause I took dem cigarettes."

Metaphors

The Moon

By Mary Ellen Trakas

In a large and handsome palace lit by stars,
A queen sat on a great majestic throne
With a radiant golden glow upon her face,
And a yellow halo circled 'round her head.
But ah! alas! An unknown king stole in,
And like a magician put out all the lights.
Then quickly he took a heavy velvet cloak,
And hastily throwing it o'er her pretty face,
He carried her away into the night.

Spring Grows Old

By Lillian Frost

Winter is the aged spring
With silver in her hair;
Cold and gaunt she's grown to be,
Her beauty now is bare.

I've watched her fade like life itself
When time creeps up behind
And reaches out with icy grasp
To bring forth death unkind.

Oh that young spring could linger on
And time could tarry yet!
Remain, bright season! Life is gay.
Stay on, youth, death forget.

YORK HALL (the Nelson House)

York Hall

By Kathleen Rahily

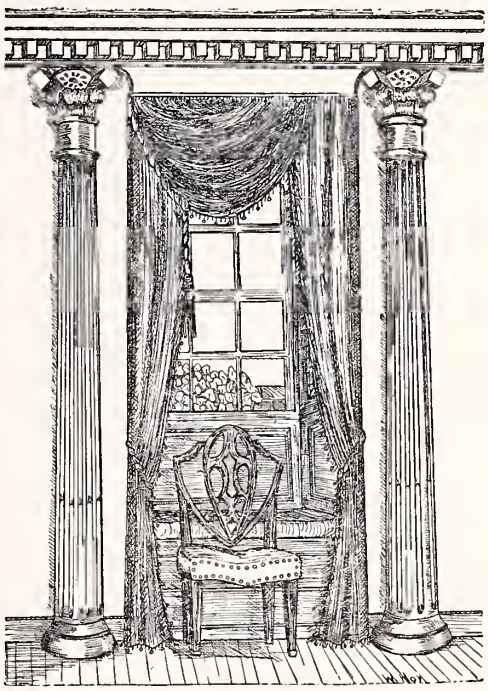
AS we entered the grounds of York Hall, formerly the Nelson House, a strange feeling, almost one of awe, came over me. However, the spell was soon broken, when, as we came upon the four-faced sun dial in the sunken garden, I heard one of the party exclaim, "Look, it still works, and it's exactly right—by my watch!"

The gardens have been restored and the plan they are copied from is that of an old English garden near Tunbridge Wells. A short brick walk leads to the formal sunken section. Several hundred feet to the rear of the house are some of the British fortifications, constructed when Cornwallis used the Hall as his headquarters.

In the front, enclosed by a high wall, is a small private yard. This tiny garden has a charm mindful of colonial days.

York Hall itself has a mellow atmosphere that all real antiques seem to possess, an air that is seldom, if ever, achieved by reproductions..

It was built about 1740 by William Nelson for his son Thomas, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and later a Governor of Virginia. Thomas Nelson spent the majority of his fortune to buy provisions and pay the salaries of the Continental army. After his death the property deteriorated and in 1913, when it was acquired by Captain and Mrs. George Blow, the house was only an empty shell revealing nothing of its former grandeur. The Blows restored and furnished it and now it is open to visitors.



The home, built in Georgian style, has a wide reception hall flanked on the east side by the immense dining room and a small office on the west by the living room and library.

The hall sets the keynote for the entire house — spaciousness.

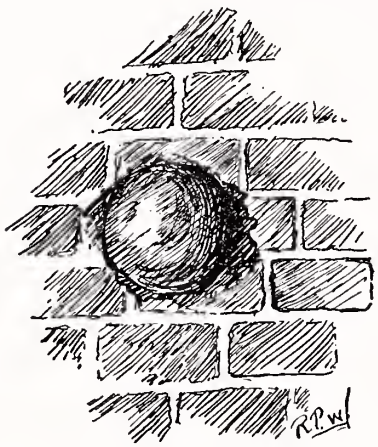
The floor here is not the original one, most of it having been used by soldiers as firewood during the War Between the States. Most of the steps were also destroyed, but enough remained to allow them to be very carefully duplicated.

The stairway has no external brace, rising to the second floor supported only by the long beams of the house. On the landing of the stairs is a large Dutch grandfather's clock. This clock is one of the outstanding pieces of furniture in York Hall.

The dining room, the largest room in the house, is paneled in pine. The arched windows have the typical small panes of glass. Rounded pilasters separate the front windows.

The fireplace although large, did not seem unusual to me until the maid called my attention to it and suggested that I look at it more carefully. It is almost round! There are no corners in it, evidently to facilitate cleaning.

The chandelier, of crystal so clear and delicate that it seemed unreal, is the most beautiful I have ever seen. It has an ethereal quality which makes modern lighting fixtures appear bulky beside it.



During the siege of Yorktown, York Hall was used as British headquarters by General Cornwallis. Upon hearing this, Washington ordered all soldiers to cease firing on it. However, Nelson himself offered a reward to the first man striking the house. As a result of the bombardment there is a cannon ball imbedded in the side of the dining room wall. A portion of the paneling has been cut away to enable it to be seen from the inside.

The room is furnished in period antiques, most of which are walnut, a wood popular in the eighteenth century. The Duncan Phyffe table is a large extension table capable of seating many guests in the accustomed hospitable manner of the Nelsons.

The den to the rear of the dining room now serves as an office for the caretaker of the estate.

The living room on the northwest corner has the lived-in look that characterizes all the rooms instead of the museum air that clings to so many show places.

Corner cupboards are numerous throughout the house, but those in

the living room seemed to me the most graceful of all. In place of the usual straight front, these curve slightly inward, thereby creating a different impression from the others.

The walls here are also paneled, and the paneling and high ceiling are both tinted a delicate shade of green.

Behind the living room is the library which contains one of the few pieces which belonged to Nelson. This is a metal ship's clock that is still keeping accurate time.

Book-filled shelves cover about half of the wall space, but the remainder is tinted cinnamon pink. This is the shade applied when the house was built, and several other coats of paint had to be removed to reach it.

In the upper hall stands a lovely mahogany shell table, about four feet in diameter. This also, is one of the more valuable articles.

The master bedroom, with its exceptionally wide bed, has cupboards built into the wall all along one side. The doors to these cupboards, as well as all the other doors in the house, have the H and L, or Holy Lord, hinges. The general architecture of this room is much the same as that of the dining room below it with the arched windows, paneled walls and rounded fireplace.

In the powder room to the rear are traces of the damage done by another cannon ball during the siege. A glass cover has been put over the place where the shot, entering through the window, struck the wall.

The guest room across the hall is unusual in the fact that only the two outside walls are paneled. It is said that this was done in order to make the room warmer and to keep out the winds which blew up from the river.

The back bedroom is the one in which legend places General Lafayette when he stayed at York Hall after the surrender. Furnished in rose it is a bright cheerful room overlooking the sunken garden.

The secret stairway—for no pretentious colonial home seems complete without one—used to open into a closet in one of the bedrooms. However, when the house was restored a door from the hall was built and the steps are now used as a service staircase. Formerly they ran from the attic to the cellar with an opening in the closet and another in the dining room paneling beside the fireplace.

York Hall is indeed a landmark of old Yorktown and a relic of one of the most prosperous times of Virginia history, the colonial period.

An Actor's Nightmare

By Billy Eades

ACTING as displayed by Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Spencer Tracy, and other famous stars had often appeared to me as an easy and entertaining way to make a living; and when Mr. Erfft asked me to be in one of his local productions I was overjoyed, and I immediately jumped at the opportunity.

"Be sure to report for the first practice tomorrow night," he said, and my career as an actor was definitely launched, or so I though.

The next night as we were beginning our first practice, I received the first intimation on how little I knew about acting.

"Tonight," announced Mr. Erfft, "we will 'block' the play."

"'Block' the play?" I rudely interrupted, "I thought you 'blocked' in football and hockey."

As the other actors howled with laughter at my obvious ignorance, I was politely informed by Mr. Erfft that in "blocking" a play you outline the stage directions to the actors. The rest of the night was a nightmare of new expressions and terms that are continually used in the acting world.

That night as I lay in bed I said to myself, "Eades, this doesn't seem like the cinch that you had pictured."

During the next two weeks, as we practiced each day I began to doubt if I would ever become a Gable, Tracy or even a Rooney.

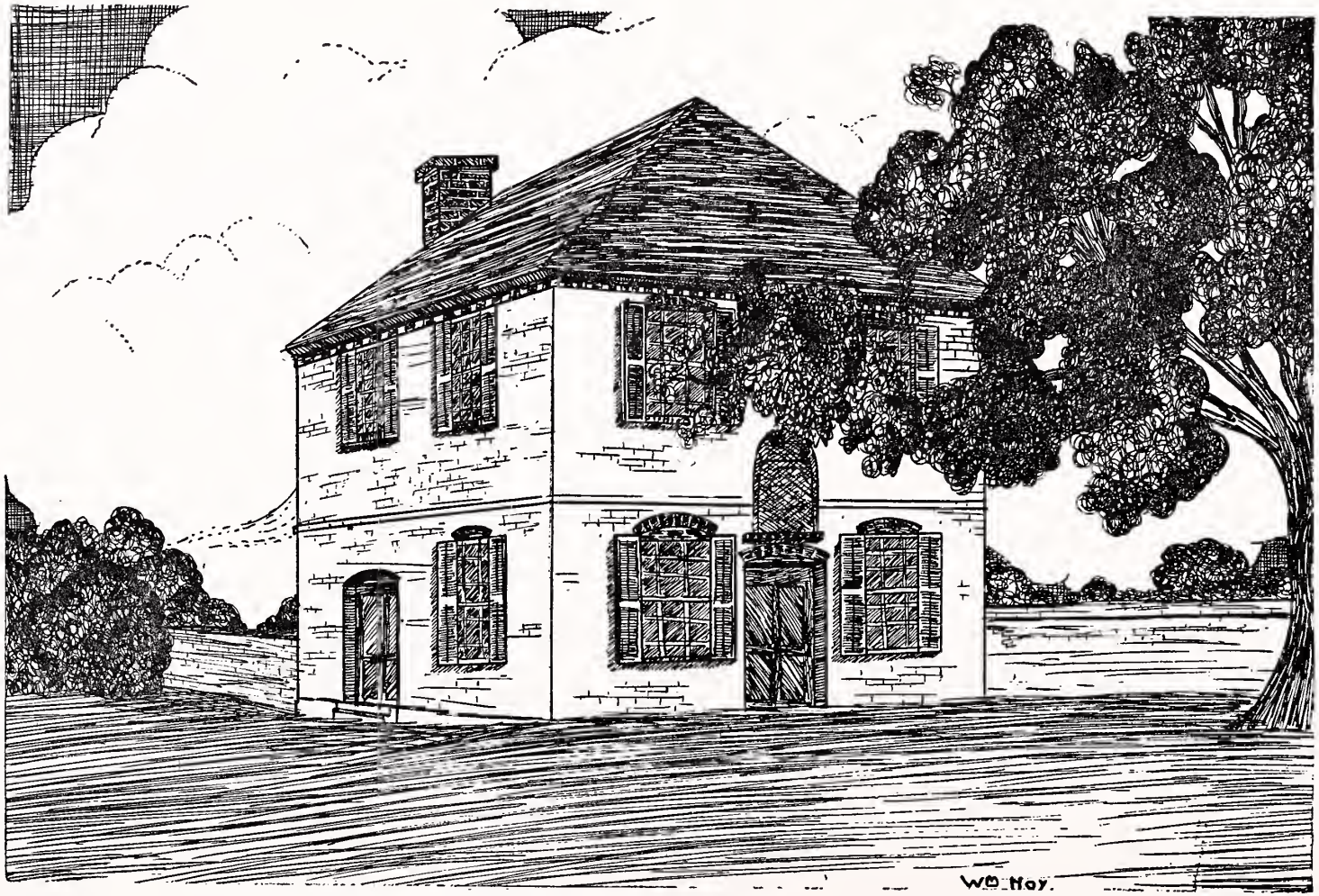
Finally, the night of the play arrived and along with it came the worst case of jitters which I had ever experienced. While I was sitting in the corner, where I had been contemplating suicide as the easiest way out, one of the actors sauntered over and offered me a cigarette. Although I had never smoked, I quickly grasped the cigarette as if it meant life or death; and in a forced show of bravado I rapidly dispensed with the distasteful thing. Immediately following this a feeling of nausea swept over me—the result of my first smoke. Now, thoroughly sick and disgusted, I was determined that I would not act when I was informed by the stage manager that I was on next. When my cue was finally given, I staggered out on the stage, and immediately my troubles began. I had never dreamed that one person could do so many wrong things in so little time. As I entered, I had knocked over a lamp; I had forgotten my lines, and when I finally left the stage, I was so befuddled that I went through the wrong door, knocking an incoming player flat on his back. I passed over his prostrate form; I hadn't sense enough to pick him up. I had never felt so dejected in all my life.

Then I realized that my name would never appear in white lights or in that section of the newspaper reserved for the local theatres. Although I wouldn't admit it, I was very glad.

Summer Days

By Betty Ferrell

The winter wind that whistled sharp and keen
Is now a gentle warmer breeze, and ground
That once was snowy white is now all green.
The daffodils can toss their heads around,
And birds perched high on limbs give forth and sing.
A patch of sun shines through a leafy tree;
A pansy's smiling face, 'tis a lovely thing,
Or daisy fields for everyone to see.
On summer days the gentle rain will fall,
And living with it the sweet, clean smell of earth.
The hollyhocks will stand so straight and tall,
And all the bloom is promise of rebirth.
I find God in the lovely summer view,
And in the flaming flowers' vivid hue.



FIRST CUSTOM HOUSE

The First Custom House

By Billy Eades

AS I entered this small, unassuming building it was hard for me to believe that ust as I was walking over the bare uncovered floor, so had lieutenants, captains, and even admirals of the Royal Navy. These dashing officers with clanging sabers were compelled to come to this custom house; for at the time, it was the only custom house in the United Colonies of America. Here, ships obtained their clearance papers for Charleston, Baltimore, New York kand even for far-away Boston. Small wonder, then, that this unpretentious building has become one of the historic shrines of the State and Nation.

The original custom house was created by an Act of the General Assembly of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia in the City of Williamsburg, the twenty-third day of October, 1705, during the reign of Queen Anne, and, accordingly, the custom house was constructed during the spring of 1706, seventy-eight years before the colonies became a nation.

This building does not possess any of the beautiful gardens of the Nelson home, although to the right and rear of the house there is a spacious lawn, enclosed by a brick wall and, in this yard there are a kitchen and smokehouse, placed there for the convenience of the officers stationed at the Custom House. The building itself is no dream of architectural beauty; instead, I believe it was constructed for sturdiness and serviceability.

The bricks for the building and fence were hand-made in England and shipped to the colony. The building is two stories tall with a basement and an attic, which were used for storage purposes. The floors are made of massive oak boards, 10 inches wide, fastened to oak beams with hand-made nails. The walls of the building are fully two feet in thickness, and into these were sunk the windows.

A particular feature of the building which must have been one of the architectural trends of the day, was the unusually wide molding around

each room. These boards, highly ornamented and deftly carved, were fully twelve inches wide.

The rooms were separated from one another by huge hand-made doors; the makers of these doors had not used any of the priceless nails of the time, but had dovetailed each joint. The doors were locked by massive brass locks and were hung on large brass hinges. In the rear room there is a fireplace ten feet wide and six feet tall, and, in my mind's eye, it was easy to picture a group of officers gathered around the fireplace, drinking and telling tales of their sea voyages and other adventures.

One of the oddities of the building was an elevator five or six feet square which ran from the basement of the house to the attic. Its power was supplied by colored slaves who rigged up an ingenious pulley to lighten their burden.

In the main room of the Custom House, displayed in a glass covered case, is a lock of George Washington's hair. George Washington was evidently quite old when the hair was cut, for it is snow white and might be mistaken for a tangle of silver thread.

A step to the right brought us before a huge showcase containing a large Bible two feet long and one and a half feet wide. This Bible was owned by Thomas Nelson and was probably the only one in the town of Yorktown at the time.

Standing in a corner of the room is a beautiful hand-carved china closet containing a set of china which originally belonged to Mrs. Thomas Nelson. This china, hand-made in England and shipped to the colony, is exquisitely painted and was one of the prized possessions of the Nelson family at a time when pewter was the accepted material for the making of dishes.

Gracing the wall to the left of the china cabinet is a portrait of Comte de Grasse, an Admiral of the French fleet.

Passing into the rear room of the building, our attention is caught by a huge wardrobe, eight feet tall. This original piece of furniture had formerly graced the bedroom of General Thomas Nelson and his wife.

The most interesting article in the house is found in this old wardrobe. Hanging on one of its brass hooks is the bathrobe which General Thomas Moore wore when he died. Further inspection revealed a large splotch of blood on the front of his bathrobe. Legend has it that these are the bloodstains of General Moore as he was bled in an attempt to save his life as he lay on his deathbed.

Occupying the opposite corner in the old wardrobe is a very beautiful brocade dress. Mrs. Thomas Nelson, who owned the dress, was probably the envy of the whole town whenever she appeared in this priceless gown, which was richly ornamented by beautiful needlework.

Crossing to the other side of the room, I came before an old, decrepit looking box, which upon further inquiry I found to be a trunk. This trunk had been made by the celebrated Richard Driver for the Duke of Gloucester and Cumberland, who in turn presented it to General Thomas Nelson. This old trunk was filled with wearing apparel typical of the latter Eighteenth Century.

Three wars have swept over this old Custom House and still it continues to stand, a monument to the beginning of American Nautical History, and as I passed out of the door I could not help thinking how far our nation has advanced as a seapower since those first hectic years.

Fear

By Margaret Wilson

A mere creation of the mind,
That tyrant by the name of fear,
Rules us all at frequent times
And causes many a needless tear.

Fear has hundreds of hidden causes,
Like the dark, a child's first dread and awe,
A thousand mysterious types and kinds
Of ghosts we dreamed and never saw.

As an impending monster or beast
It towers o'er the human race,
Ready at any moment to strike
And make us cowards before its face.

Scram, Cupid!

By Clyde Woodruff

I SHALL divulge no secrets, nor shall I expose any pet idiosyncrasies, but embarrassment is the prompter of hopelessness.

I remember all too nervously the first time I saw her. She was eating an orange, and spitting the seeds in unintended places, and—she wore red! The only color which causes me really to see red.

But when I heard her speak, Cupid threw me in the "clink", and love backed up and let me have both barrels. Some said that I had puppy love, but I honestly doubt if any mere puppy could do what that hound did to my emotional make-up.

I went home with my feet on Washington street and my head pillowed on a cloud. Really, I felt terrible; in fact, I felt identically the same as the time when I tried my first cut plug.

I then contemplated immediate action. A date with that girl was the only thing for me, so that following Sunday night I went to church.

After the service was over (I was just wringing out my fifth handkerchief, which was saturated with perspiration) she walked, or rather glided, out the door. It was now or never. I almost prayed to God to take me out of my misery, but was I a coward?—yes, emphatically!

Nevertheless, somehow, I got up courage enough to ask her to walk down the street with me to get my mother a loaf of bread for supper, but I suddenly realized it was Sunday night, nine o'clock, and besides I had already eaten supper, so I changed that order to a heroic couplet of ice cream cones.

She consented! I swooned. She revived me with kindly eyes and a sympathetic voice. Afterwards I stumbled off with her.

I mentioned to her that I had a terrific case of athlete's foot, just to get started by way of conversation, but she didn't seem to be familiar with the medical profession, so I told her of my in-growing toe nail.

She revolted, but quickly came to my rescue again by expressing her surprise at my asking her to accompany me down the street!

Well, sir, I think I know now why my hair is gray, if shock has anything to do with one's hair turning gray.

After we had walked 125.6 miles, we reached the ice cream parlor where I ordered a gallon of cream apiece for us, but she stated that a five cent cone would prove sufficient for her. I paid for the cones with my week's allowance, and grunted something about weighing with the other penny, but she averred she didn't quite understand pig-latin.

Finally, we reached her front door where I abandoned all hopes of ever becoming anything else except a complicated case of dementia praecox.

I was becoming quite accustomed to embarrassment by then, so I threw away my shackles and asked her to honor me with her presence the following Friday night at a local theatre. She said she would let me know, but she thought that she could arrange it. Again I became a hopeless imbecile, but still again she came to my rescue by thanking me for a very interesting evening.

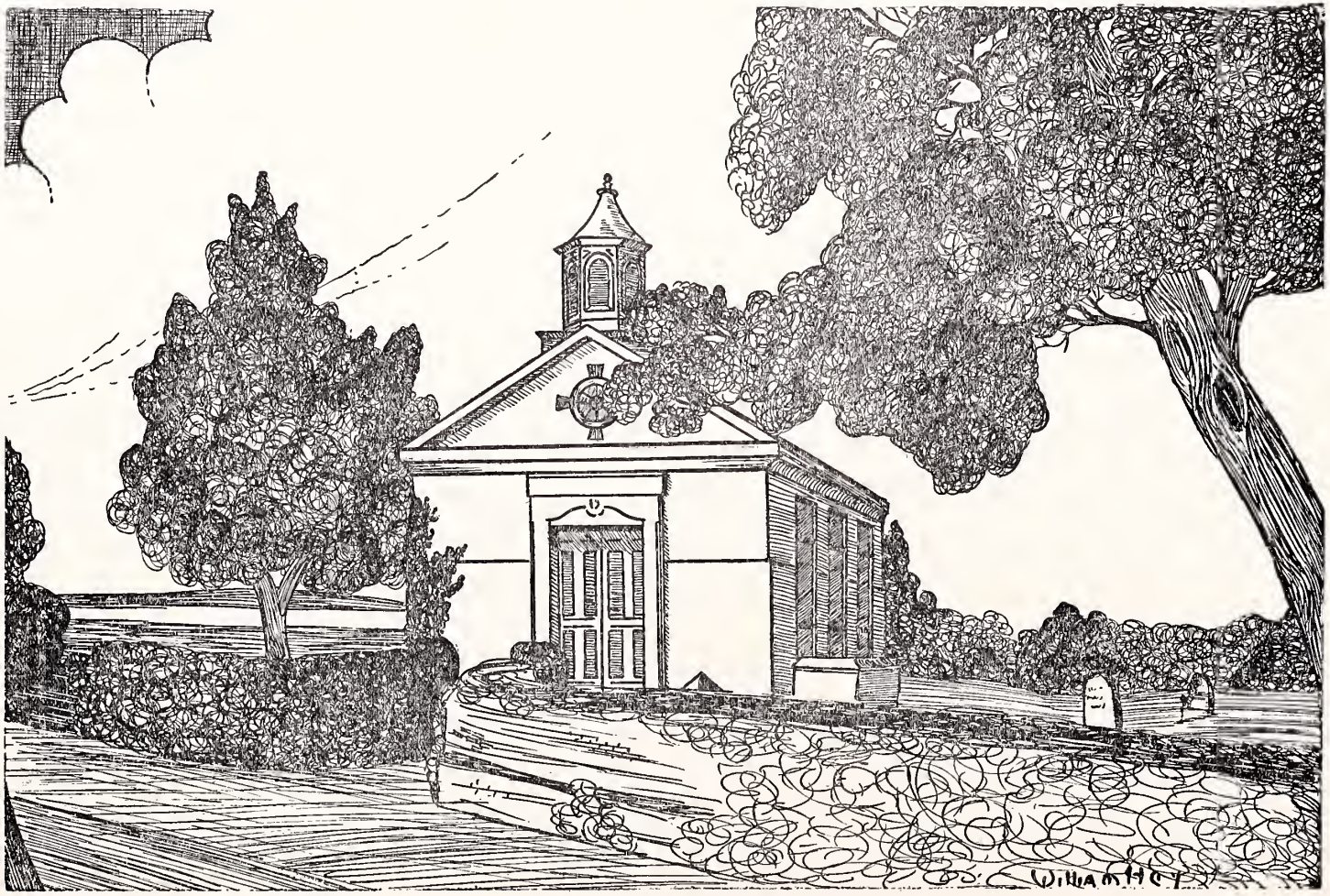
Thanking her also, I waved a foolishly feeble bye-bye, and sauntered slowly down the street weeping copiously because of my inability to cope with the injustice of Cupid.

The Brook

By Margaret Talmage

The brook goes prancing down its way—
Its ripples seem so cheerful and gay.
The sun which shines so very bright
Makes it sparkle like stars at night.

Around the crooks and bends it flows
Singing merrily as it goes.
Never, never tired it seems,
Happiest of little streams.



GRACE CHURCH

Grace Church

By Anne Pointer

THE Colonial Grace Church at Yorktown stands enclosed by ivy-covered walls, simple and unimpressive, or so it seems to a mere passer-by. I had thought of it as just another church until I visited it and learned something of its history. True, it is simple in structure, but it is far from being unimpressive.

The York-Hampton Parish, as the church is called, was erected in 1697. It is constructed of marl from the river, a substance made up of oyster shells and a formation of rock and sand. When the church was burned in 1814, the marl, being a clay mixture, was hardened instead of being destroyed. Therefore, the original walls stand today.

After the burning of the church, it was partially rebuilt in 1824.

It was originally cruciform, but the arms of the cross were destroyed, and only the main part of the building is left.

The bell was cast in London in 1725 and was presented to the church by Queen Anne, and it is still in use. When McClellan was in Yorktown during the Civil War, the belfry was so badly damaged that the bell dropped to the ground and was cracked. One of the soldiers took it to Philadelphia where it fell into the hands of a smelting company. Then the bell was recast in 1882 and sent back to the church as a gift.

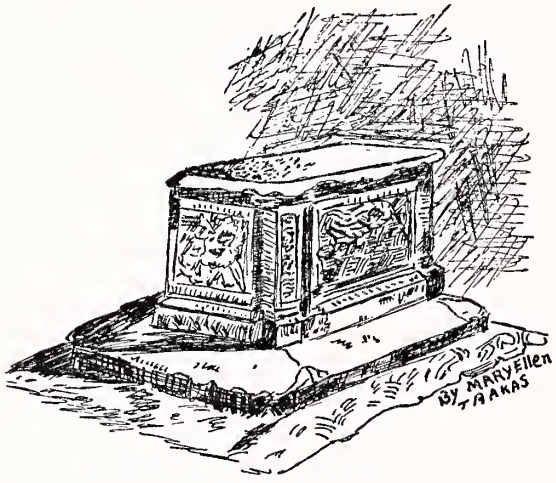
The silver communion service is also still in use. It was made in London in 1649 and was presented to the church as another present from Queen Anne.

We couldn't go inside the church, much to my disappointment, because the guide was sick, and there was no one to take us in. However, I was lifted up on the window ledge from which I did some legitimate peeping. From what I could see of the interior, it was quite lovely with its paneled altar, old-fashioned window blinds, and the chandeliers which formerly held candles. The furniture is not the original, which was burned in the War of 1812.

What memories this church holds! Memories of the War of 1812 when the soldiers came marching into town burning everything in their wake. They made a great bonfire with the church furnishings. Then, a half century later when the great conflict between the states began, the little parish was used as a hospital for the wounded soldiers.

After getting a bird's-eye view of the interior of the building, I strolled into the church-yard which to me was a most delightful place. All was quiet and peaceful there, yet the birds were singing cheerfully in the trees

round about. As I walked casually glancing at the inscriptions on the tombstones with their quaint "Hic jacet" on every one, I noticed that almost all the old stones have the inscription of a member of the Nelson family. Later, I found out that there were six generations of Nelsons buried in the church yard.



The first of these is the very antique monument of the Scotch Tom Nelson. He was the founder of the Nelson family in York. On four sides of this stone are cherubs. A crown is being placed on one, and another is proclaiming with a trumpet "All Glory to God." The inscription is all worn off.

At the foot of this grave is another tomb made of brick not quite so impressive as the former. It marks the place where William Nelson, president of King's Council, son of Tom Nelson, is buried.

Then comes the grave of General Thomas Nelson. He was war governor of Virginia, mover of the resolution of May 16, 1776, in the Virginia convention instructing her delegates in congress to move that body to declare the colonies free and independent states. He was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His grave lay for years unmarked, and no one knew exactly where this great man was buried. However, someone found an old history in which it was stated that Governor Thomas Nelson was buried at the foot of his father's grave. Since then, the Nelson descendants have marked his grave with a huge granite slab.

The first of these distinguished and illustrous men were, no doubt, responsible for the very founding of the church. Of course there are many others whose names we do not know, who have helped preserve the building and grounds. Also, I noticed tombs described as late as 1930, which shows that people go there today to worship and are buried there even as in bygone years.

As I started to leave, I hesitated, thinking I must carry away a lasting memory. The thought came to my mind that man alone could not have kept the little church standing for two and a half centuries through the adversities of wars, storms, and fires without the kind hand of Providence.

Thus, I walked away with a feeling that all was well.

It Can't Happen Here

By Ann Westmoreland

EIGHT o'clock. Is that all? My! how long these winter evenings seem," sighed Jo Ann.

Yes. It was but eight o'clock, as the chiming of the clock over the mantel reminded us; and this evening did seem especially long.

Outside, it was as though a white sheet had suddenly fallen. It had begun snowing at six, and already the snow had accumulated on a startled world in heaps and drifts of surprising height. Aside from the whiteness of the snow, however, the night was black. The sky overhead boasted no stars, no moon, and the snow, whirling dizzily down, gave it the ominous appearance of black velvet. The wind was trying to outdo itself, this night, whining around the chimney, tearing, lashing with pent-up fury at the house.

All of this added up to but one thing for the five lone occupants of the library. Loneliness! You are probably thinking that we should not have been lonely, we five. "We five" were four of my girl friends and myself. My mother and dad having gone to my grandmother's house, I had invited Bow, Marguerite, Lois, and Jo Ann over to spend the evening with me. However, we were getting lonely, although we shouldn't have been. No matter how remote and uncontrollable till now the weather had seemed, the inside of our library was still cheerful. The library walls, lined with books, the fire roaring cheerily up the fireplace, and "Aristocrat" curled up on the rug before us—all gave an impression of coziness and cheer.

Perhaps you have not met "Aristocrat." If you are one of those unfortunate few, you don't know what you are missing. "Aristocrat" is my dog. He is a large police dog, boasting a superb body and legs, and looking for all the world quite handy as a watch dog. But I will let you in on a secret. Although "Aristocrat," as his name suggests, comes of noble birth, he never was much good. He is not a good watch dog because he is almost afraid of his shadow! His father, "Mutiny," was one of the best watch

dogs; his mother, "Lanky Poodle," (any similarity to "Yankee Doodle" is entirely coincidental) has given many a tailor a job on an intruder's pants. Poor "Aristocrat," how deceiving his appearance is! I never could quite understand what changed him so. He had changed, I know, because as a puppy he fought at the slightest provocation. As Jo Ann suggested, perhaps we had pampered him. He was being pampered now! Here he was lying in the house, while the other dogs were out in their kennels. He was little comfort to us, though. Every time the upstairs windows would rattle, he would pick up his ears, and look quite ferocious in a lazy way. Come to think of it, "Aristocrat" had been acting strangely all evening. He had not exercised his usually enormous appetite at dinner, but had eaten very little, continually shifting his eyes to the door every few seconds. When mother and dad had left during the earlier part of the evening he had followed them to the car, a circumstance which was very unusual because he never went out of the house at night. He had seemed reluctant to let them go.

My suspicions really had been aroused when my friends had come in. He had not greeted them with his usual playful manner, but had taken on a sullen attitude. Of course, I attributed this to the weather. Now my suspicions were returning anew, for as he lay in front of us, head on paws, he was glancing from the face of one girl to the face of another. I could easily see it was giving the girls the creeps, as he would look from Jo Ann to Lois, from Lois to Marguerite, from Marguerite to Bow, and back to me again. It didn't make me feel any too happy either, but I laughed it off and told the girls he probably had indigestion and was looking to us for sympathy. But I really felt like choking him when he began sniffing at the doors and windows, whining with every new blast of the wind. This made all of us, not excepting me, feel peculiar, for I couldn't very well tell them he was hunting for an aspirin, could I?

Bang! What was that? Lois jumped out of her chair; Bow and Marguerite looked terrified. I must admit I was rather scared, too. Only Jo Ann remained calm. "It must have been the dog's plate blown off the porch by the wind!" I explained, but I wasn't so convinced as I sounded.

Lois sat down again, and Jo Ann turned the radio on. The radio proved to be a big help, I knew, as we heard the humming of the "Green Hornet." Just as Jo Ann was about to turn the radio off, "Aristocrat" bounded for the door, spilling things in his way. Jo Ann, who was unfortunately in his way, was bowled over on the floor in a very unlady-like manner, but she recovered herself sufficiently to go to the door. She returned a minute later, after what had seemed hours to us, with "Aristocrat" by one hand and my other dog, Tippy, by the other!

I will take time out to introduce Tippy. Tippy, named after the song "Tippy-Tin", has a pedigree, but is, all in all, just a "playful nincompoop," as we call him. He is a Scotch terrier, but he always convinces visitors that he would be better named Scotch terror. He was certainly showing that frisky trait at its worst now, tumbling about like a clown, knocking things over, shaking the recently acquired snow from his fat, little body. Bang! oh! oh! There went a vase as he skidded into the coffee table. He is a cute little fellow, though! We all love him, even "Aristocrat." Speaking of "Aristocrat"—Yip! Aristocrat and Tippy sprawled on the floor, as Tippy rounded the curve of the chesterfield on two feet. All of the girls had forgotten their fright now as they watched the flying feet.

Jo Ann appointed herself as announcer and gave a ring-side account of the scramble: "Now, ladies and er-ladies—I almost forgot my audience is entirely feminine—tonight we bring you the account of the fight between that Scotch rocket, Tippy McScott, and that German cannon ball, Aristocrat Mintbowowski. Which reminds me, I'd better call Aristocrat something else. They are in the ring, now! They are going into a clinch. They're out. They are rolling around. Tippy's on top. Now the German is on top. Now it's Tippy. It is surely a tough fight. Watch out. They are too near the fire, and if they don't watch out there will be a hot time in the old town tonight. They are out of the huddle now.. Just a minute and I'll have the decision. Here it is! Tippy won by a hair! Ladies, you should be here! Aristocrat has certainly been taken down a peg. He is sitting here with a vase on one paw, and Tippy on the other. And here's the champ! Won't you say a few words, Tippy? I'll translate for you, ladies and gent—er just ladies. He said, 'It was a tough fight, but I won, Mom'."

As this little drama ended, we all burst into a volley of laughter, and who wouldn't? Tippy was looking his cutest, with one freakish ear lifted sky-high and the other hanging low. He was out of breath, and his little red tongue was hanging out.

If Tippy looked funny, Aristocrat looked hilarious. His usually noble countenance looked downcast, as he gazed at Tippy with the utmost disgust.

We had enjoyed this little interlude very much, and as the two dogs settled down for some rest, we noticed that one hour had passed.

During that hour we had ignored the weather. It really hadn't occurred to us that the weather could get worse, but it had. The wind was howling like the high note of a discordant violin. The snow was falling faster, making the sky invisible. The flames in the fireplace didn't dance so beautifully as before, so Jo Ann threw another log on the fire. We all settled back, and once again quiet reigned.

Suddenly a loud noise shattered the air, with an amazing resemblance

to a shot. All of us jumped up in terror. No one could explain it, and we were helpless until Jo Ann discovered the radio was still on. The shot had come with the end of the "Green Hornet." This may sound funny to you, but it was far from funny to us.

Something about our predicament reminded me of Edgar Allan Poe's poem "The Raven." I must have unconsciously thought out loud, for immediately Bow took up the poem, repeating it in a monotonous sing-song voice. As she continued, I felt my spirits sinking lower and lower. By the time she reached the third stanza, I could easily have screamed, and I found by a hasty glance that the others shared my sentiments. Even Tippy looked sorrowful. Trying my best to interrupt Bow, I turned the radio up louder. This attempt failed, though, because the only audible sounds were the cracks and bangs of static. Everything outside was quiet except for the howl of the wind. Meanwhile, Bow kept up her chant, succeeding only in ruining Poe's masterpiece. The contagious rhythm of the poem was lost as she rendered it. .

While my glance wandered hopelessly around the room, I felt the hair on my head rise as I glanced at Tippy. Tippy, the "playful little nincoompoop," had risen to a crouching position, hair bristling. My quiet attitude had attracted the attention of the others, and they followed my glance to the dogs. Even Bow had deserted the poem, and as we all stared at my favorite pets, they simultaneously emitted a low growl. Aristocrat had been aroused by Tippy, and they were both glancing toward the door.

The door! Jo Ann! Tippy! My thoughts ran ahead, tumbling over each other. When Jo Ann had let Tippy in, had she locked the door? I slowly turned my head to look at her. She seemed to read my mind, for she raised her eyebrows in an unspoken "Yes."

Jo Ann is really a remarkable girl. She plays on the High School softball and basketball teams.. She won her athletic letter on the hockey team, playing left wing. She was a sturdy girl, and not one to be frightened easily. We had always looked to her for help, and now was no exception. She, sensing our dependence, got up and smiled at us encouragingly. We hadn't the slightest idea what she meant to do.. The two dogs hadn't moved. I felt a little relief at this, because if there had been an intruder at the door, Tippy would have gone after him. Instead, Tippy and Aristocrat both remained there, not taking their eyes from the door. Jo Ann had by this time reached the radio. The door, from which the menace seemed to threaten, was at our backs. Jo Ann had not turned around as yet. As we watched, she turned sideways to smile at us, turned back again, and casually turned the radio off. Then, turning in a half arc, she started to walk back to her original seat. She never got one foot in front of the other.

Instead, the look of courage faded from her face. In its place we saw a look of horror and disbelief. Horror! Disbelief! On Jo Ann's face! Impossible! If my life had depended on it, I couldn't have turned around at that minute. Jo Ann had sunk limply into the nearest chair. Bow, Marguerite, and Lois were all looking at her. I knew what they were thinking. They were thinking that it must be something awful if it affected Jo Ann that way.

All of my friends looked pale. I wondered if I looked that way. I glanced in the mirror over the mantel. My! I looked just as pale as they did. Don't I look funny? I thought. I began wondering what makes a person turn pale. My thoughts didn't get to the solution, for just then my eyes clashed with the most horrible eyes I have ever seen. I had not turned, but in the mirror I could see his face. I know I shrieked as I glanced again at those horrid eyes, in that unimaginable countenance. Long matted hair streamed over a skull shaped head, his skin an unhealthy ashen color, forming a background for large, shaggy, black brows. His eyes were small and beady. His mouth, almost hidden by a wiry beard, was one straight line. It was a cruel mouth. His cheeks were sunken and hollow, his jawbone square and jutting over a thick neck. I couldn't do justice to a description of this man. But it wasn't a man, I realized. His huge body, shrouded in black, seemed to have no shape. Something in the far corners of my mind seemed to recognize that white panel down the front of his shapeless gown. Why, that wasn't a panel, it was the door. I could see through him! As this thought struck me, the panel moved. No! The panel didn't move; "It" moved! It was coming toward me. It reached out a long arm, and before I could move, it had me, shaking me—shaking me!

Then all was darkness. I had fallen down a dark, bottomless pit of unconsciousness.

Hours later, it seemed to me, I heard a noice. I started to open one eye as the shaking ceased. Out of the tumult going on in my mind, I heard a familiar voice. I timidly opened one eye, then the other.

"It" was nowhere to be seen. "I won't shed any tears over that," I thought. I was lying on the chesterfield. Bow, Lois, and Marguerite were singing a lullaby, and laughing down at me. Through a daze, I heard Jo Ann tell me to "wake up, sleepy head! I'm getting tired of shaking you!"

As I sat up, they seemed to understand. "You certainly are a good hostess," laughed Bow. "We come to see you, and you go to sleep."

"What on earth were you dreaming about, Ann?" asked Lois.

I didn't answer. I still couldn't believe it was a dream. It had seemed so real. "How long have I been asleep?" I asked.

"Oh! You went to sleep when the 'Green Hornet' came on, and you were sleeping so peacefully that we wouldn't wake you."

Peacefully! "Ah, yes. I was sleeping so peacefully," I thought.

My mind finally grasped the fact that I was out of danger, and I uttered a shaky laugh. Yes! It was a dream! There were Tippy and Aristotocrat sleeping on the rug. Sure enough the clock said nine o'clock.

"What were you dreaming about?" insisted Lois.

"I wasn't dreaming! Yes, Yes! I was, wasn't I? I was bound to be dreaming! I was dreaming of a man—." I got no farther.

"A man," laughed Jo Ann. "Yes, we all seem to dream about a man when we go to sleep. A man, a moon, and romance," she sighed. "But they do make good dreams, don't they?" she called out over her shoulder, as she went to let mother and dad in.

Life

By Bob O'Leary

Life is but a steeplechase;
A thoroughbred is man,
Who prances to the starting post
To run the best he can.

The pace is fast, the course is tough,
The competition's keen;
And many a hazard must be crossed
Before the winner's seen.

Thoughts While Standing By The James River

By Nelle Lufsey

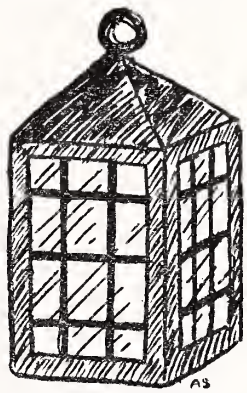
My thoughts while standing by the James at night
Are very much confused, and I can hardly
Keep my mind from wandering here and there
About the many things I see afar.
Big ships steam up the river quickly going;
Then some days later, the same stately ships,
Their great hulls loaded, sunk down very low
Into the water, lumber slowly back,
Bucking the tide. Then quickly night will fall,
And from the shore I see a few small lights
Come on aglow so brightly now and then
Through darkness. And now the ships have disappeared
Around the bend, and I am dreaming still,
Suddenly startled by a wave that comes
From nowhere and laps the sleeping, sandy shore
For no reason I can see, unless
It is to remind me that although the ships
Have gone away, still other ships, their high
Sterns proud and jubilant, will pass by me
On towards their destinations, and they will
Come back in the same fashion as former ships
Doing their duty well with lowered heads.

Side Glances in Yorktown

By Helen E. Haering

AMONG other interesting things at Yorktown, one of the first to catch my eye was the ship museum. Really and truly, as I walked through the door I became almost a woman sailor, so realistic was its interior. The cannons were threatingly pointing out of the walls, cannon which had been brought up from the bottom of the York river. Why, to my amazement, looking out of the portholes I could even see water. Were the glass panes magnifying so that they could even bring the water of the York so near? I, of course, proceeded to walk over and inspect this mystery only to find out that some talented artist had supplied this very necessary factor in an exceedingly natural way.

A very considerate and patient guide led us through the battlefields of the surrounding area. In my humble opinion, the most beautiful drive was one right after we had driven past Surrender Field. Maybe it's the practical instinct in me, but the very fact that there was a cute little rustic bridge crossing a pond just went straight to my heart. Somehow, I have always been a bit partial to rustic benches and bridges, so maybe my opinion was just prejudiced. Then to top it all, just as we had traveled on about fifty feet, our whole line of cars had to slow up and almost stop because of a little turtle which was leisurely crossing the road. Mr. Miller promptly made the remark, "There's the turtle that bit General Washington." Now of course, we wouldn't doubt this fact since these tiny animals don't show their age anyway.



Back of the Moore House was another little white house nestling among the shrubbery. Of course, my ever active curiosity exerted itself pronto and I asked the guide what it was. Being informed that it was an ice house, I walked right over there. Now I had heard of ice boxes, refrigerators and igloos (which were the only type of "ice houses" I knew anything about) and since this was none of those, I went over there on my own private tour of inspection.

By now, each of you are probably dying of curiosity, so I'll satisfy it right now. After reaching this building, and raising the latch, I entered a room which in size resembled one of our largest school rooms. In the center was a great round pit which had a ladder leading down to its bottom. After inquiring how this was used, I was thus informed: when the colonists got their ice for the summer, they put it in the bottom of this pit, covered it with sand and in this way, it was kept through the hot months of the year. You are probably wondering where the colonists got their ice in the first place. I, having forgotten to ask that question, am too.

Although another one of our party has the assignment of writing up Grace church, I just can't refrain from mentioning this incident which took place in its graveyard. We all were reading the inscription on the ancient tombstone when this happened. Well—as an old experienced story teller would say—it's this way. We had come to the Latin inscription, "Hic jacet Thomas Nelson, Jr., etc." Now those who have ever studied Latin will know that "Hic jacet" means "Here lies," but not so one of our brilliant group. He came up to me and said, "Hey, Helen, who's Hic Jacket? Gosh, but that's a funny name!" You should have seen him blush when I told him its real meaning.

Behind the First Custom House in America is a tree, which is a freak of nature. This tree is very large—unusually so, I think—but it's most peculiar characteristic lies in the fact that it has two distinct kinds of leaves. Yes, believe it or not, a red oak and a pecan tree are growing from the same trunk. I know it's petty hard to believe, but I was informed by a nice old colored man that it had stood there that way for two hundred years. Pretty long time for any two things to be so friendly, isn't it? Even trees!

Since I am on the subject of "old" things, I mustn't forget to mention the oldest house in Yorktown! Just imagine, it was built in 1699. Oh, if that old home could talk! How many interesting stories it could tell!

There were several singular things about the Nelson house which I should also like to mention. My curiosity again was the reason for my gleaning this information soon after I entered this magnificent home. On the panels of the doorway to the largest bedroom upstairs there were some marks in the shape of a semi-circle, and I asked the colored maid why this was. Since I have always been interested in hospitals, I was particularly

delighted with her answer. During the Civil War, the Nelson house had been used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and this bedroom was one of the main "wards." As the ventilation wasn't so very good, they cut out the upper part of the door panels to remedy this situation. Although this in a way does detract from the beauty of the home, somehow I think that the fact of its being used as a hospital adds to its distinction.

Shh-sh-sh-sh. There's mystery about! Yes, I really mean it. Believe it or not, but I actually walked up and down a secret staircase for the first time in my life. Any of you girls who have read "The Hidden Staircase" will feel something of the thrill I had. During the war, for the purpose of hiding valuables and important papers, Nelson had this staircase built in his house. It formerly led directly from the basement to the attic, but the lady who owns the house had an opening cut on the second floor. You are probably wondering what this staircase looked like. It was a curving one which, after I had reached the bottom, made me dizzy just to think of the trip back. Then to add to my discomfort, the steps were only about two inches apart. That makes it pretty hard to keep from falling, especially since there was no light. I hope the next time you are in Yorktown you will visit the Nelson house and see it for yourself.

Since I seem to be on the subject of mysterious things I may as well finish this article with another of the same character. A cave, a real cave! An old cave, at that! B-r-r, can't you almost see the spooks? This cave was one in which Cornwallis stayed (some of the time) when he was in Yorktown. Now there have been disputes whether he hid there or just went there to have a secret place to discuss his plans with other officers. Let us choose the latter, since we have respect for the British General and don't wish to have an unpleasant memory of him left with us. This cave is placed in a high cliff overlooking the lovely York River but, much to my disappointment, the door was locked so I couldn't see its interior. I had planned to describe it to you, too, but I'm sorry this can't be done.

Now I have tried in my own humble way to tell you of a few of the oddities of Yorktown which you will see if you visit there. I hope this will tempt you to see this "Cradle of our Republic" in the near future.

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